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Persia and the Powers

WHEN a Socialist backbencher remarked in the House of Commons last week that Teheran might be the Sarajevo of the Third World War, was he greatly exaggerating? The murder of General Razmara was only one trick in the game which began in the winter of 1945-6, when Mr. Bevin swung the Americans behind the British resistance to the Russian-sponsored Democrats in Azerbaijan. Since then, Persia has been one of the most dangerous of all the danger spots of the Cold War. It is vital to Britain—and now to America—because in and around its Southern territories lie the chief oil reserves of the Western world. It is vital to Russia because it is contiguous to the Caspian oilfields. Its politicians, skilled in the use of Persia's secret weapon, the double bluff, have made duplicity a patriotic virtue. Their sole concern is to maintain the Persian *status quo* by using the East in order to prevent absorption by the West, and the West in order to prevent absorption by the East. Though many landowners hate Russia, and remember that, ever since 1917, social unrest in backward countries has been one of the main Soviet weapons, some have at times been ready to make a deal with the U.S.S.R. The Nationalists, in turn, have disliked Britain as an imperialist Power, which in the last resort can always rely on a "spontaneous" tribal revolt in the South to enforce her will in Teheran. Now they are getting to know the Americans too; and they like them no better.

Far below the tiny clique of politicians, *litterateurs* and landowners in Teheran, are the common people. Despite the vast revenues from oil, they remain, like their Arab neighbours in Iraq, destitute, diseased and miserably oppressed. To some of them, particularly in the Anglo-Iranian oilfields, the Russian-aligned Tudeh Party makes an appeal. Others take their leadership from the Nationalist fanatics of the extreme Right who were responsible for General Razmara's murder. The trouble about Persia is that both social revolution and social evolution must be imported: to-day the people lack the strength to better themselves. At present, the strongest Persian sentiment is a Moslem Nationalism which violently resents all foreigners and all the changes which they bring. In the eyes of the landowners, the Tudeh party is suspect as an instrument of Russian policy; but they equally suspected General Razmara's reformism. The General—more of an intelligent realist than his predecessors—was genuinely seeking to use extra royalties under the proposed new agreement with Anglo-Iranian in order to begin the long-overdue work of social reconstruction; he was murdered because he seemed to be the agent of Western imperialism. If revolution would swing Persia into the Soviet sphere, social reform would tie her still more tightly into the Western alliance. Hence the chronic sterility of Persian politics.

What can be done to immunise this danger-spot? Partition, carried out *de facto* by the occupation armies during the war, was thought possible by the British in 1946, but turned down by the Russians and Americans. To-day, as then, Persian partition could only be carried out by force. For the time being, therefore, the underground struggle will go on, abated only by the knowledge on both sides that any excessive success might precipitate world war, and by the skill of the Persian politicians in exploiting their own impotence and corruption. The Tudeh, with Russian blessing, will continue to agitate against "Western Imperialism." The West, in turn, will continue to urge the wisdom of social reform and the Western connection. Some reactionary landlords look West, but all hate the idea of social reform, while the religious fanatics and the Tudeh, for different ends, want social change without the West. Here is one battlefield of the Cold War where there is no obvious formula for the cease-fire and where a solution is impossible save as the corollary of an overall Great Power agreement.

The Issues in Paris

From the Deputies' dreary wrangle in Paris one thing emerges more and more clearly: there is no confidence in either camp that the Council of Foreign Ministers, if it meets at all, will reach agreement. Both sides, therefore, seem determined so to arrange the agenda that the breakdown will take place on ground tactically most favourable from their respective points of view. Mr. Gromyko is insistent in trying to put the West into the position in which a direct answer must be given to two questions: "Do you intend to rearm Western Germany? Do you agree that, in principle, Germany should be unified?"

His calculation clearly is that, if the American answers to these questions are what he expects them to be, the West can then be arraigned as warmongers who refuse the legitimate national aspirations of the German people and want merely to use Germany's youth as mercenaries in an attack on the Soviet Union.

On the other side, Dr. Jessup, the U.S. delegate, is equally determined to arraign the Russians as warmongers whose aim is to frustrate any German contribution to Western defence while they busily build up the *Bereitschaften* in the Eastern Zone and enlarge the armies of the other defeated countries, Hungary, Bulgaria and Rumania, in defiance of the Peace Treaties. It is unfortunately only too obvious that this political tactic is largely influenced by the view of the Pentagon that Western Germany must at all costs be rearmed, and by the defeatist belief of the State Department that any unified and de-militarised Germany would become a vacuum which could only be filled by Communism. Dr. Jessup's concern therefore is to keep the problem of Germany well in the background on the agenda, and to make the first and main business a discussion of "causes of tension," in which it can be made to appear that breakdown in the Council's meeting will be due to Soviet "hostility" and violation of Treaties.

This "deaf men's dialogue" in which one side says "cause" and the other "result" whenever the words "German rearmament" crop up, is creating, writes our correspondent in Paris, a deplorable impression. Since the Russians had pressed for this meeting for five months, the French public had reasonably inferred that they were ready to make important concessions in return for an undertaking by the West not to rearm Western Germany. Unfortunately, Mr. Gromyko has not foreshadowed concessions, and the opportunity for realistic bargaining on these lines is being frittered away. On the other side, Dr. Jessup, embarrassed by Eisenhower's statement that he would not hesitate to drop atom bombs in "self defence," and that he was confident of holding a "Breton redoubt" as a French Pusan, is being as "difficult" as Mr. Gromyko. In fact, no indication has come from the West of the price they would accept from the Soviet Union for keeping Western Germany disarmed.

To those who feel that a breakdown of the Big Four talks might have terrible results—it would almost certainly convince the Russians that war is inevitable—the tendency in Western diplomatic circles to dismiss coming failure, with a shrug, as "natural," is disconcerting. It is commonly said that, "in a year or two," America will be able to scare the Soviet Union into some sort of "global" surrender on all questions, and that she is not to-day interested in minor concessions. What is overlooked is that Western Europe is still profoundly neutralist despite its formal adherence to the Atlantic Pact. If the Deputies fail to agree and the impression is given that this is due at least as much to American as to Russian intransigence, this neutralism will speedily turn to defeatism and the divorce between pro-American Governments and anti-American public opinions will then be consummated.

In this situation the first duty of Mr. Morrison at the Foreign Office is clear. It is no secret that Britain and France, unlike the U.S., see no insuperable objection to placing the question of German demilitarisation on the agenda as Mr. Gromyko wishes. Very sensibly we regard Western German rearmament not as something essential to our security but as a bargaining counter which we are prepared to give up in return for solid Russian concessions. Since we cannot discover whether the Russians are willing to make those concessions or not until the Foreign Ministers meet, our main concern is to reach an agreement on the agenda even at the cost of giving the Russians some tactical advantages. Instead of merely pressing this view privately on the Americans, Mr. Morrison should instruct Mr. Davies to say so bluntly. The risks of a break with the Americans on an issue of procedure are far smaller than the peril of European demoralisation which must follow if, owing to American intransigence, the Conference is prevented from taking place.

Conservative Defeat in Australia

The Conservative Government of Australia has been made to look extremely foolish by judgments of the High Court which completely undermine Mr. Menzies' attempt to suppress democratic liberties under the pretence of suppressing Communism. Not only has the High Court invalidated the Communist Party Dissolution Act, but it has also rapped the Government's knuckles for trying—by means of a carefully drafted preamble to the Act—to reduce the scope of the Act of 1901 by which the five States federated into the Commonwealth. Jealous of their rights, the States refused to grant wide powers to the Federal Government except in time of war; and this refusal, time and time again, has been used by Australian Conservatives to invalidate progressive legislation enacted in Canberra. Two cases in the Labour Government's late period of office were the Acts to introduce a national health service and to nationalise the banks: both were killed by the High Court. This time it is the Conservatives themselves who are bitten. Mr. Menzies tried to save his Act by arguing that Australia is not at peace with Russia, except in a technical sense, and that the Federal Parliament was therefore invested with the special war-time powers conceded by the 1901 Act. The High Court has washed away this camouflage.

So wide were the powers of suppression and interference allowed by Mr. Menzies' Act that it is doubtful how far it could have been used except as a means of intimidation. No sooner was it published as a Bill—said at the time to be the price Mr. Menzies had to pay for Catholic support at the general election—than ten of the largest Australian unions announced that they would declare a general strike if any one of their officials were interfered with under the terms of such legislation. All that Mr. Menzies can now do is to go to the country and to make the Bill the subject of a referendum. But with the cost of living steeply rising at home, and with Japanese rearmament on American initiative a matter of acute anxiety to Australians of all parties, it may be doubted whether the Australian Conservatives will face a general election in very good heart.

Racialism in South Africa

Another Conservative Dominion Government is also facing constitutional difficulties. The Nationalist Government of South Africa was able to put through its Suppression of Communism Act without constitutional obstruction—although the Act makes nonsense of any democratic constitution—but is finding it less easy to eliminate one of the few remaining vestiges of British liberalism in South Africa. Under the 1909 Act of Union, the Cape Province retained a relatively enlightened attitude towards its Coloured minority: the present Government is now trying to abolish that minority's slender but cherished democratic privileges, and to remove the Coloured electorate to a separate roll which would finally suffocate their still small voice in Parliament. The Opposition, to its credit, is fighting against this attempt to fortify racialism in the Union. It argues that the "entrenched clauses" of the Act of Union require any constitutional change to be supported by a two-thirds majority of both Houses of Parliament—a majority which the Nationalists could not now secure. The law, clearly enough, is on the side of the Opposition, though it remains to be seen how far the Malan Government will allow this to obstruct them. Their curious application of the precept *ejus regio cujus religio* seems to mean that anything which forwards racialism is necessarily right and legal, while anything which buttresses democracy is wrong, subversive, and totally foreign to South Africa. Hitler had the same idea about Germany.

In the course of the Parliamentary debate, Dr. Dönges, the Minister of the Interior, let fall remarks which suggest what fate the Nationalists reserve for the three British Protectorates (Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Swaziland) if they once get sovereign hold of them. The "entrenched clauses" of the Act of Union, he argues, have fallen away now that the Union has sovereign status: those parts of the Act, accordingly, which oblige the British and South African Governments to consult native opinion in the Protectorates—before enacting any change of status—are no longer recognised by the Union Government. The King's right to intervene on behalf of the natives—specifically recognised by the Act of Union—is thus denied. This is a point of the highest importance. It means that no British Government could now transfer the Protectorates to the Union, without betraying its obligations to the natives, unless a new Act of Transfer were negotiated in which these obligations were clearly restated. To an Act of this kind the Nationalists will never agree. The obvious conclusion is that no transfer can be considered in present circumstances by the King's Government.

Socialists and Italy

The decision to turn Comisco into a revived Socialist International will not become operative until the affiliated parties meet in full conference this summer; but it is likely to go through without challenge. The main difference thus made will be that the new International will have

greater authority to make pronouncements on policy in the name of the democratic Socialist movement, especially in relation to European affairs and relations between Europe and the U.S. The German Social-Democrats will become a more important factor in the determination of policy; and the International's influence is also likely to react on the internal dissension of the Italian Socialists. Comisco has been trying for some time to bring about union between the Saragattists, who are in the Italian Government, and the Romita-Silone groups, who are outside. Saragat and Romita are now reported to have agreed on a basis for fusion: the conditions are that the Saragattists leave the Government and that the united group support the Atlantic Pact. But there are complications. Some of the Saragattists are most reluctant to leave the Government; and Silone, whose group stands somewhat to the Left of Romita's, is now in close relation with fractions ideologically still further to the Left of Saragat. That is to say, he is negotiating with elements among the Nenni Socialists, who are apparently thinking of breaking away if there is a chance of forming a genuinely Left party free from Communist influence; and he is also acting as adviser and friend of Magnani and Cucchi, the recent seceders from the Communist party, who appear to be "neutralists" strongly opposed to American domination and the Atlantic Pact. In this tangled situation, too much haste to promote unity might easily lead to more Socialist parties instead of fewer. It is to be hoped that, in its zeal to unite the Saragat and the Romita sections, the International will not drive out the Silone group in a new fission.

A Silenced Voice

La Prensa had an international reputation for plain-speaking and honest reporting. It was not a "liberal" organ. On the contrary, together with *La Nacion*, it was the voice of the old-fashioned conservatives, of the business and landed interests that controlled Argentine democracy until the officers' revolt of 1943. Increasingly, it has opposed the Peron regime, partly in protest against its systematic erosion of democracy, partly in protest against its social radicalism, which has rallied the "shirtsleeved ones" to the Peronista banner. It has been harassed in return for a long time—the curtailment of its newsprint import licences was a favourite trick—but the regime has so far baulked at outright suppression. Last month, however, the criticism of its editor and publisher, Dr. Gainza Paz, proved more than Peron could stand.

The method used to silence the newspaper is typical of Peron's methods. It was made to appear, superficially at least, as a conflict of People and Privilege. First, the Peronista trade union asked for a share in the paper's advertising revenue. When this was refused, the union stopped deliveries. This was on January 26. After negotiations between the union, the employers and the Department of Labour had broken down, the publishers were assured of police protection if they sought to reopen the plant. This promise was a farce. On February 27, as groups of *La Prensa* workers approached the office, they were attacked by armed thugs, while the police made no effort to interfere as one man was killed and others wounded. After the riot, the police took over the printing works, arrested a number of the workers and charged eye-witnesses (who included a reporter and photographer from *Life*) with incitement to riot. Attempts to secure redress through the courts having failed, it was clear that *La Prensa* was to be closed—probably for good. Last week, Dr. Gainza Paz was arraigned for "violating national security," while the Peronista unions called for a boycott of all merchandise advertised in *La Prensa*. A full-scale offensive has not yet been opened against *La Nacion*: but it may come soon. Already, the paper is only permitted to sell seventy-five copies across the counter and copies are becoming scarce in Buenos Aires. Peron's creeping—and "respectable"—totalitarianism marches on.

The Role of American Labour

The U.S. mobilisation programme has run into difficulties. Shortages of materials, the failure to check inflation and the inadequacy of price controls might have been expected, as the Administration hesitated to use to good effect the great powers granted by Congress. The refusal of organised labour to co-operate with Mobiliser Charles Wilson could be more serious. It is more than two weeks since Mr. Wilson's labour advisers—who included the most influential leaders of the C.I.O., A.F. of L., and the independent unions—angrily resigned in a body. Only John L. Lewis of the Mineworkers stayed behind on Mr. Wilson's advisory panel.

The union leaders, representing the United Labour Policy Committee, withdrew in protest against the personnel and the policies of the Office of Defence Mobilisation. The immediate cause of the dispute was the refusal of the unions to accept a wage-freeze formula which they thought "unfair, unworkable and unjust" to Labour. But they justified their walkout by much wider charges. Mr. Wilson's "arrogant seizure of control over manpower," they stated, gave no guarantee against industrial conscription controlled by "the big business clique." They insisted that they would not provide window-dressing for a mobilisation agency "staffed exclusively" by men from the "executive offices of big business" who wanted only wage controls to be effective, while discriminating against the consumer by quite unsatisfactory price controls.

The reply of Mr. Wilson and his colleagues is that it takes time to make price stabilisation work, that it cannot work well unless the wage-line is held, and that organised labour is acting as an irresponsible pressure group which disregards the national welfare. Mr. Wilson adds that the unions really wanted to control the allocation of manpower between industry and the Services—a charge that the unions deny, though there is no doubt that they would have preferred labour policy to have been left in the care of the "friendly" Secretary of Labour, rather than entrusted to Mr. Wilson, one of the biggest of big business men. What organised labour really wants are firm guarantees that its members will not be subjected to an industrial draft, and they will be ensured a fair share of the pickings of rearmament.

PARLIAMENT : Privilege and Poppycock

Wednesday.

SELDOM in the modern history of Parliament can there have been days so successively and trivially violent as those of last week. The rowdiness began with an announcement on Thursday, that Mr. Speaker had rearranged the composition of Standing Committees, to allow the Government an overall majority of one. These Committees have Bills referred to them for detailed discussion and should reflect the composition of the House. By some oversight, they have for the past year been equally divided. The correction of the mistake gave rise to pandemonium, that increased when the Chairman of the Committee of Selection revealed, with a simple honesty, that it had come to light when the "Government had suffered a reverse in Committee." The rights of Government do not compare with the privileges of Opposition—even those won in error.

The next row came on a question of privilege. Sidney Silverman drew attention to a letter written to John Rodgers, the Tory Member for Sevenoaks, by a vicar in his constituency, protesting against German rearmament. Rodgers sent the letter to the bishop of the diocese, with the note: "Is there anything we can do about this?" Such a procedure, Silverman submitted, may be a breach of an M.P.s privilege. Egged on by the Labour benches—"write to your M.P. and get the sack"—Silverman pressed that the matter be referred to the Committee of Privileges. In the end, an armed truce was agreed on the Speaker's suggestion that he would give a ruling "without prejudice to Silverman's right" to raise the matter again when the Speaker ruled.

On Tuesday, Mr. Speaker ruled that the question had been improperly raised and could not be discussed. It had appeared in the *Daily Worker* two days before Silverman had brought it to the House. It was, therefore, out of order, "not having been raised at the first available opportunity." Silverman protested that his rights had been prejudiced. Points of order sprung up from the ground like spears. Mr. Speaker, Chuter Ede, Churchill and Silverman claimed the floor together, each demanding to be heard. Rodgers sat still as the Sphinx, until Churchill and Ede at length won a thunderous silence for him to make a statement of the reasons that prompted him to write to a bishop about his constituent's business. Still dissatisfied, the House at length won from its new leader an undertaking that an opportunity would be found to debate the matter "without prejudice to Silverman's rights." Once bitten, Silverman accepted charily. The tinkle of his spurs followed Chuter Ede to his seat.

At 2.13 a.m. on Friday morning, March 9, a new tactic was born; Blitzkreig gave place to trench warfare. Seven motions were laid by six bright Tories—and Bing and Donnelly—"praying the annulment" of orders to permit increased prices of various goods. The interest of the movers was rather to wear the Government down than to stop prices going up. By 4 a.m. trains had stopped, and the Tories tired of the game. Sir Herbert Williams would have withdrawn his motion, as the hour was late. But with Bing's name and Donnelly's on the paper, leave was refused. So the comedy went on.

At 4.50 a.m. comedy was reduced to farce. Bing demanded a division on the Tory prayer that the "Women's Overalls and Aprons" Order be annulled. After 2½ hours' protest against the injustice of these orders, not a single Tory voted to redress it. As Ross, the Labour Member for Kilmarnock observed: "the prayers of the wicked add up to nothing."

TOM WILLIAMS

Sanctions and Aggressors

It was because Great Powers to-day cannot be coerced by "sanctions" but only by world war itself that Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin agreed to their possessing vetoes on the Security Council. It was only because Russia was boycotting the Security Council that the resolutions condemning North Korea and decreeing military sanctions against her could be legally passed. On the issue of fact, however, we see no reason to change our view that North Korea committed an act of aggression. The researches of the Communist Party, Sir John Pratt and Mr. D. N. Pritt suggest that provocation from Syngman Rhee was even greater than the world has been told. The documents which, it is said, were captured by the North Koreans in Seoul and sent to Lake Success should obviously be published in full. If they are authentic, they show that operations on the 38th Parallel had already been on a bigger scale than has been thought, and that provocation from the South was even worse. Nothing, however, as far as we can at present see, contradicts the conclusion that North Korea launched an offensive with an equipment of tanks and artillery which could not have been mounted without some weeks of preparation. The verdict, on the present evidence, still seems to us to be one of provoked, not "unprovoked" aggression.

This verdict remains in spite of other disturbing factors. As this journal pointed out on the week of the decision, the United Nations did not hear the facts stated. The Yugoslav proposal that North Korea's case should be heard was brushed aside; an interim report from the U.N. observers in Korea, which claimed to be no more than a repetition of South Korean allegations, was accepted as a basis of action; this may have been justified by military necessity, but it would have been more satisfactory if we had been given the independent confirmation that was promised. We protested at the time against President Truman's unilateral decision to "neutralise" Formosa during the fighting in Korea—an action from which the British dissociated themselves. To us it seemed a direct infringement of the rights of the new Government of China.

The case for the U.N. decision to act against North Korea was that the slim chance of maintaining world peace seemed slightly better if the frontiers of territory set up under U.N. auspices could not be forcibly overthrown with impunity, even where the temptation to do so was strong. This possibly good result of deterring Great Powers or their satellites from preferring force to diplomacy could be obtained only if the United Nations' objectives were clearly stated at the time and honestly adhered to in practice. United Nations action was indeed highly dangerous unless U.N. forces were led by a highly responsible general in the interests of a policy that was clearly not serving the partisan purposes of any single Great Power. Unhappily, every effort that was made by the British to limit the war to its original object was largely aborted by MacArthur and his Republican friends in the United States. The General's personal statements from Korea did not read like reports of United Nations progress, but rather like announcements of American Republican intentions and policy. He obtained permission to cross the 38th Parallel, and, in spite of British cautions and an explicit warning from the Chinese, he marched to the Yalu river. Formosa was not in fact neutralised; it received several million pounds worth of arms from the United States and continued to blockade and harass the China coast. The unhappy effect of MacArthur's visit to Chiang Kai-shek, followed by his letter to the Veterans, could not be removed by President Truman's rebuke so long as Kuomintang spokesmen continued to declare that MacArthur had promised to re-establish Chiang Kai-shek in power on the mainland, and MacArthur remained in charge of operations. Kuomintang boasts have since been supported by statements from Madame Chiang Kai-shek and other Kuomintang and American spokesmen, who announce their intention of starting guerilla warfare in Southern China with American aid at an early date. Thus a United Nations action which might have been a sensible move towards peace was prejudiced by parallel U.S. actions which could be interpreted in China as preparations for war.

It can be held that Communist China, like other countries in revolution, would in any case have been "expansionist." There are some ten million expatriate Chinese in South-East Asia, who might be a powerful fifth column. No one can be sure whether Chinese forces would have advanced into North Korea if MacArthur had not disregarded the warnings of Peking, and advanced to the Yalu river. The Chinese advance into Tibet was unnecessary and alarming to India, but military action quickly gave place to diplomacy. What is doubtful is whether newly awakened Asia will be impressed by the U.N. vote that China is an aggressor. It invites the retort that, on the contrary, China has herself been the victim of Western aggression ever since the British first shot their way into her ports a century ago, and she has only recently liberated herself from "aggressors." Moreover, MacArthur's actions would have provoked the most peaceful country. In January, 1950, the American President denied that Formosa was of any strategic value to the United States. In 1951 leading American politicians of both parties insist that Formosa must be held as an anti-Communist base. Such statements only confirm the impression that has already been made by large-scale American intervention in the Chinese revolution; the "China Lobby" in Washington, which is determined to persuade America to carry through a counter-revolution in China, seems often to be more powerful than those Americans who still seek a peaceful accommodation with the Peking Government. The argument is finally hammered home by General MacArthur's statement that it is America's duty to liberate Asia from Communism, reinforced by the declaration that the Japanese are to be rearmed as allies of America in the Pacific. The rearming of Japan under such auspices amounts by itself to an ominous threat of renewed aggression against China; it is only five years since these Japanese militarists were driven from Chinese soil after the third invasion of the country within fifty years.

In view of all this, common sense is revolted by any proposal to attempt sanctions against China; some politicians can make a case, but no one will be convinced. A U.N. Committee is now "considering"—how seriously we cannot say—sanctions against China. What, short of the war that MacArthur has openly favoured, can sanctions mean in the case of China which can at best only with great difficulty be persuaded to continue trade or diplomatic relations with the West? The British understand this; they do not share Mr. Henry Luce's missionary zeal to conquer China for Christianity and the Western way of life, and they only reluctantly agreed to the amended aggression resolution because this was the only way to stop a resolution imposing sanctions at once. They hoped, after accepting the Resolution to be in a position to prevent the folly of imposing sanctions. One of Mr. Morrison's early duties as Foreign Secretary will be to explain to America that it is not only Leftists, Radicals, anti-Americans and other fellow-travellers, but the general public opinion of England which holds that to extend the war from Korea to China would be morally wrong and strategically suicidal.

Raw Materials

II.—TOWARDS A SOLUTION.

The members of the Senate Sub-Committee that asked the other day for an International Board to allocate raw materials and fix their prices would be startled to find that they have been talking Socialism. For what separates the views of the Senate Sub-Committee and of Socialists from the views of, say, the Malaya tin-producers is their attitude to the market. The tin-producers regard the law of supply and demand as the expression of an ineluctable process like the cycle of the seasons. Socialists (and, seemingly, the Sub-Committee) believe that, with the deliberate intervention of Governments, even world markets can be planned by an allocation system. It is a paradox that, through the force of events, it is the hard-headed business-men of America who are clamouring for the realisation of a Socialist principle.

The demand for a Combined Raw Materials Board was advanced last summer by the Labour delegates to the Council of Europe when the Korean war had changed the prospect of commodity surpluses into one of commodity deficiencies. They were soon reinforced by the French Government, whose economic mission to Britain, led by M. Buron, urged the British Government to recognise the dangers facing the whole of industrial Western Europe as a result of an extravagant rise in prices and a shortage of materials. The Treasury was reluctant to accept suggestions for the internationally organised control of resources. Were not the dollars pouring in for tin and rubber? Everything the Midases touched turned to dollars. But the toast to our successful balancing of the dollar account may have to be drunk from an

empty cup. We have the dollars; but the vital materials have drained away.

"We, as merchants," said Mr. H. T. Karsten, Chairman of the Rubber Trade Association of London, the other day, "cannot but deprecate the interference with the natural flow of free trade." He was speaking of the desire for an equitable division of rubber supplies throughout the world, and of the international machinery necessary to obtain it. But Britain's present problem is not a trading problem. The merchants have done very nicely. Britain's problem is a problem of physical assets, and has to be solved in face of merchant-resistance.

Last December, Britain joined with the other O.E.E.C. countries in affirming in Paris that "only concerted action by Member countries, the U.S.A. and Canada . . . will render it possible to find a solution for the serious problems arising out of the scarcity of raw materials." The O.E.E.C. report recommended, in brief, that production of certain key materials like coal, metal ores, sulphur, aluminium, and so on, should be expanded, while at the same time it made recommendations—respectfully—to the U.S.A. for a public-spirited sulphur and cotton policy, and to the United Kingdom for a wool conference. The expansionist advice given by O.E.E.C. is not such an insistence on the obvious as might appear at first sight. Before Korea, when markets were falling and there was talk of over-production by bodies as diverse as the Malayan Chamber of Mines and the Economic Committee for Europe, the tendency was to restrain output, whether it be by a tin cartel or the Schuman Plan. The advice to the U.S. was equally valid but more original. While the U.S. had surplus resources, her sole international responsibility, in the eyes of most Europeans, was to dish out the dollars in order to relieve herself of what would otherwise have been an embarrassment of over-production. Now, however, Europe was asking the U.S. to make herself poorer. It was the difference between a self-interested blood-letting for a plethora, and the compulsory donation of a pint of blood.

At the end of 1950 the danger of unemployment in Europe, and particularly in Britain, through material shortages was imminent. To-day we are already wrestling with it. The production committees of N.A.T.O. and the Brussels Pact have proved useless to deal with the problem. O.E.E.C., though capable of giving good counsel, as a European body including countries which are not even members of the Atlantic Pact, has not been able to provide the intercontinental agency necessary to control the price and allocation of raw materials. Following Mr. Attlee's timely visit to Washington, an *ad hoc* International Materials Conference, with U.S., U.K. and French representation, has been established to act as a loose link between a number of International Commodity Committees—copper, zinc and lead in one, molybdenum and tungsten in another, manganese, nickel and cobalt in a third. But are these Committees, designed to "consider and recommend to Governments specific action", capable of stabilizing markets and regulating supplies?

The characteristic of the Committees is that they act in isolation, are preoccupied with special interests, and form no conscious part even of N.A.T.O. economic strategy. They have no executive force; they can merely recommend. And having recommended, they must stand aside while Governments and the trade fight it out. It is true that the trade dislikes even the small degree of international organisation provided by the Commodity Committees. A Rubber Committee has yet to be formed. No wonder, then, that the Americans have felt somewhat reluctant about having a Sulphur Committee, when they have to buy their rubber expensively in the open scramble.

The British representative in Washington on the Raw Materials Conference is Viscount Knollys, an insurance man of some eminence, whom the F.B.I.—the British F.B.I.—has vetted "satisfactory." It is doubtful whether his existence, or for that matter, the existence of the Raw Materials Conference is widely known among British trade unionists. Yet the time cannot be far distant when the men at the bench will be asking, "Where's the stuff?" And when they ask that question, they will want to know what sort of representation they have on the body that is trying to obtain a fair share of raw materials.

On February 13, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer "whether he would continue to bear in mind, in regard to the non-ferrous metals Committee, the desirability of having as a British Member of the Committee someone thoroughly familiar with the British Midlands metal manufacturing industry?"

"Yes, Sir," said Mr. Gaitskell.

If Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Gaitskell had in their intention a Midland metals dealer, they would seem to purpose a continuation of the present trend of the Committees—which is to give no say to the men who actually produce and use the material. The Government should urgently appoint both to the Raw Materials Conference and to the Commodity Committees trade unionists who will be able to represent the views of their members and interpret to them the decisions of the Committees.

That would be an act of first aid. But a fundamental reform of the structure of the Conference and its Committees must come about quickly, if the world-wide inflation is to be arrested and Anglo-American harmony preserved. The present system has not avoided topsy-turvy prices and an American buyers' strike. What is required is a strong Combined Resources Board, open to all countries who are ready to join and put their resources in the pool, and capable of controlling by its collective purchasing power those other resources not within its members' disposition. Only in that way can there be the obvious swap, for example, of rubber for sulphur at a fair price which would both promote a stable market and secure our current needs.

It would not be enough for the new Board to be an inter-governmental agency. It should have as assessors representatives of the interests involved—producers as well as consumers. Such a Board would, it is true, involve a renunciation of the Law of Supply and Demand. But if a Senate Sub-Committee is ready to testify to a change of heart, should a Labour Government be slow to avow itself Socialist?

MAURICE EDELMAN

London Diary

How often in politics what was right on Wednesday has become wrong on Friday morning. On Tuesday I had written that Mr. Morrison looked like being the next Foreign Secretary. On Wednesday, in company with many other journalists, I learnt that the post was still open and that Mr. Attlee had not yet made up his mind. It was, in fact, on Wednesday that the change came. At the last moment Mr. Bevin renewed his demand that, if he was to resign, his successor should be James Griffiths, a trade unionist on whom he could rely. By Thursday evening, however, it was clear that this was not acceptable; but even then, the outgoing Foreign Secretary found great difficulty in accepting either the readjustment of official residence and rooms which the change should bring with it, or the text of the communiqué in which Mr. Attlee announced the decision. If you compare the eulogistic length of the communiqué finally issued with the sparse text of the announcement of Sir Stafford Cripps' tragic illness and resignation last autumn, you can get some idea of the extraordinary hold which Ernest Bevin exerts on the Prime Minister. I write "exerts" advisedly because his reluctant resignation from the Foreign Office still leaves him, despite his infirmity, the most commanding figure in the Cabinet.

Herbert Morrison will settle in quickly and become master in his own house, but the presence of the formidable ex-Foreign Secretary in the Cabinet cannot but be somewhat embarrassing for him. On one matter at least I hope they may continue to differ. For some time past Ernest Bevin has pretty well given up hope of achieving any negotiated settlement with the U.S.S.R. Mr. Morrison will start with as deep a hostility to Communism as Mr. Bevin, but he will have a great ambition to pull off something big, and he will not be distracted, I think, by his predecessor in his new role as Elder Statesman. Mr. Bevin is to be the chairman of some very important Cabinet committees, and that means that neither Mr. Bevan nor Mr. Gaitskell will find it easy to achieve Stafford Cripps' place as leader of the economic front. This reshuffle, in fact, is not the end, but the uneasy beginning of a readjustment in the balance of power inside the Cabinet.

* * *

A day-long general strike in the second largest town in Spain, with angry crowds milling through the streets, the burning of motor cars, the breaking of windows, and all the signs of violent emotion which mark a long period of frustration and suppression—this is news indeed. Even the great Basque strike of 1947 was less sensational. A friend who was lately in Barcelona and other parts of Spain lists several causes of the Barcelona upheaval, of which anger and near-starvation are the most fundamental. No doubt the Communists played their part, but what is to stop them while even the whitewashing official statistics of Spain show that the average Spaniard is much worse off than he was before the civil war? I'm told that the poverty you find within a stone's throw of the Ramblas of Barcelona is probably the worst in

Europe. Another reason why the facade of Franco's Spain breaks down in Barcelona is, of course, Catalan nationalism, outraged by Franco's rigid "Castilian centralism." The Basque language may not be printed in Spain to-day; the Catalan language may be printed only in a few carefully censored books. No newspapers may be published except in Spanish. Until lately it was unwise even for Government-appointed officials in Barcelona to speak their native Catalan. (It is still unwise for them to speak Basque in Bilbao.) Franco in fact has resurrected the traditional bogy of all rulers of Spain and linked it with an economic and social revolt of his own century. The outburst should come as a useful reminder to those who are ready to throw away their military judgment together with their moral and political principles in the belief that Franco will be a valuable member of the Atlantic Alliance.

* * *

The revival of discussion about the facts of aggression in Korea gives particular point to Alexander Werth's quite admirable Montague Burton Lecture on the conflict between East and West. This was recently published in pamphlet form by the University of Leeds. It contains extremely sensible reflections on Europe and world affairs by a journalist whose strong criticisms and judgments about the U.S.S.R. are based on long and intimate knowledge of a country the language of which he speaks as easily as English. He pleads particularly for the old habit of "scholarly journalism," that is for the return to the tradition of independent inquiry which one associates with people like H. N. Brailsford, H. W. Nevinson and the late Ian Morrison of *The Times*. The essence of this journalism was to refuse the "hand-out"; Werth quotes a famous former Paris correspondent of this journal who used to say: "It *must* be true; the Quai d'Orsay has *denied* it." The Korean story provides an illustration of Werth's point. The world press accepted the original hand-out at its face value; to-day, hardly anyone knows how much or how little to believe of the very different story now told in documents that may or may not be authentic. With no facts to go on everyone believes whatever best fits his ideological prejudices.

* * *

Apropos opinions based on ignorance, take the example of the sentry Fargie. Rumour apart, all we know is that this British soldier was sentenced to 10 years imprisonment by a court martial for having killed a Korean. This was so strange a sentence, if Fargie was actually on sentry go at the time, that every thoughtful person assumed some complicating factors. Many thoughtless people, however, were just angry that any English sentry should be punished for shooting a Korean in any circumstances. Anyway, the readers of the *Daily Express*, with no facts at all to go on, were asked to give their opinions of the sentence. Now we learn, again without any facts, that the sentence has been quashed. Whereupon the *Daily Express* publishes the popular vote in favour of the sentry's acquittal on the principle clearly of *vox populi, vox dei*. The only conclusion I can draw from this odd series of events is that the facts on which a man is convicted at a court martial ought to be published and that the reasons for his sentence being confirmed or quashed ought also to be made known.

* * *

The Norwegian State Football Pool is reported to have made a record profit last year; out of this profit scientific research will get £420,000 and "the promotion of sport" will have to be content with £230,000. This suggests a useful way of capitalising our own nonconformist consciences. Already we take the sin out of cinema on Sundays by deflecting some of its wages to charity. Why not extort playing fields for children out of the proceeds of "penny points," and succour the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research in its constant battle with the Treasury?

The Norwegian scheme, with the approval of Parliament, allots the first £50,000 pools surplus to a State Sports Office, which re-allocates it among worthy causes (reluctantly excluding, perhaps, the promotion of more football pools); and then science, in the person of the Norwegian Research Council, steps up to take a proportion that increases rapidly as the share that goes to sport grows less. If the year's surplus is more than £350,000, eighty per cent. of it goes to science. I rather like the whole idea. There would be true democracy in a plan that linked the fortunes of a committee of the Privy Council with those of Sheffield Wednesday.

* * *

I'm told that Mecklenburgh Square may be saved at least from some of the developments planned for it by the Lord Mayor of London's Thanksgiving Fund and the London House authorities. If so, the reason will be shortage of money. The Fund is expected to close at the end of this month and so far enough has not been raised to build the £800,000 overseas students' hostel projected for the north side of the Square. It was also intended to spend £250,000 on reconstructing the east side as an American hostel and to endow these two hostels and London House to the tune of £600,000. Scotland was also promised £150,000. I suppose the public's resistance to subscribe to the Fund shows a general lack of enthusiasm for a plan to quarantine overseas students and at the same time to commit another outrage on London's architectural inheritance. There was also a proposal to convert the gardens into tennis courts. It is a nice point whether the courts would be compatible with the magnificent trees of the gardens.

* * *

A visiting French rugger team, getting out of a motor coach at Buckingham Palace the other day, was visibly amused at the clockwork stamping and kicking of the two Guardsmen on sentry-go; and I realised that it is probably the habit of most British citizens over about four years of age to hurry past these jerking automata with averted eyes, rather as one pretends not to see a person of the opposite sex coming out of the bathroom. We know what our Guardsmen are doing, the noise of their boots leaves us in no doubt, and even if we happen to watch them walking along, we look away quickly when they are about to turn. It is all part of an imperishable British something-or-other, and their Majesties seem safer inside the Palace than they would if the sentries merely walked up and down doing the ordinary rightabout-turn of some slovenly line regiment. But you can't explain this to a foreigner. On the rare occasions when I have defied convention so far as to peep at the face of a stamping Guardsman, I have felt relieved that the combination of bearskin and chinstrap leaves only the tip of the nose with which to display emotion.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Having been refused permission to build a house Mr. — applied for a licence to build a farm building. This was granted.

He then applied . . . for permission to convert the building into a dwelling-house. Yesterday this was approved.—*News Chronicle.* (R. E. Hull.)

There are about 500 members of the Association of Women with Large Feet.—*Yorkshire Dalesman.* (Donald Gilchrist.)

I lent Dostoievsky's *Crime and Punishment* to a friend to read, and when I asked him how he liked it he commented: "None of this would have happened if they had been to an English public school."—*Sunday Times.* (T. D. Hunter.)

The speaker then discussed the current outbreak of fowl pest, and used it as an analogy of the Government's plans for eliminating unemployment. —*Knutsford Guardian.* (Hamish Mackinven.)

COCKADOODLEDOO

When the Tory hounds are on Labour's traces,
As planners' pullets refuse to lay,
When eggs are flung in Ministers' faces,
And the badgered Government stands at bay,
When serried Tories leap up to ask it
Why it put its eggs in the Gambia basket,
When the anti-planner the planner chases
And Government hens are shooed away,

When failing fowls and egg-frustration
Are woven into the ground-nut theme,
And the eggomaniac Corporation
Flogged for incompetence extreme,
While the eggless taxpayer, soaked and thwarted,
Pays twenty smackers per egg exported,
And Conservatives clamour for resignation
On the flop of the Gambia Poultry scheme,

Though chased once more for a final round-up,
The Government still no quarter begs—
Its fate and fortune will not be bound up
With moulting pullets on their last legs,
The planners' plumage is not for plucking,
Despite Conservative crowing and clucking —
Gambia and ground-nuts may both be wound up
But the Front Bench sit till they hatch their eggs.

The Party of peaceful revolution,
That swallowed the transport system whole,
That planned production and distribution
Of power, provisions and steel and coal,
Can face with firmness and calm composure
The egg-cup storm and the frank eggsposure,
It is not egged on to dissolution
By a trifling setback in egg control.

It notes with calmness and cool derision
The plots concocted in Tory dens,
It is not turned from its high decision
By strutting gamecocks in Tory pens—
The hunt is up and the tempo quickens,
While rash Conservatives count their chickens,
But the Government fears no fowl division,
It will not go out with the Gambia hens.

SAGITTARIUS

Linked with the Living Past

WHAT was it really like to live then? We ask as our grandparents, stiff in stovepipe and corset, stare at us from the family album. Shall we, pressing into the South Bank, feel the same way as those whiskered gentlemen staring at Mr. Paxton's glass marvel? And those classics of the history textbooks, the Radical artisan, sweated child and female labour, cottage industry—how can we think ourselves through the printed page into their context? The dry records remain, but the hopes and the anger change with the fashions.

Yet, in Cradley Heath, much of that past is still with us. It is only forty years since Mary MacArthur led torchlight processions through the streets, and brought women draped in chains to the *Daily News* exhibition in London to draw attention to the plight of the female chainmakers who slaved fifty hours for seven shillings. There are eye-witnesses who will take you to street corners where "Our Mary" spoke, and vividly describe the fight that broke out when one of the skilled men fearfully insulted her. As you stand there, it does not seem so long since the cold, dark days of 1886, when the London unemployed were smashing windows in Pall Mall and the *Sunday Chronicle* was raising a strike fund for the chainmakers of Cradley Heath. For, on these bleak leas at the edge of Staffordshire, the crooked streets of brick houses run like a set from a period film: the sideburns and the fustian have gone, but there are still Hodgetts, Robinsons and Billinghams rising at five-thirty to forge chains, using the same tools in the same way as their fathers' fathers and their mothers' mothers. Bitter memories of "Tommy Truck" persist, of parents trading a day's work for bread or meat so that their children should not go hungry to bed.

Those days are not so far behind us. Fifty years back, the County Medical Officer of Worcester was reporting:

> The forges necessary to carry on the nail and chain trades are usually placed at the rear of the houses, or wedged into confined places, and wretched hovels many of them are, being damp, dirty, dark and draughty and often built against pestilential privy middens . . . Children are often employed to blow the forge bellows, and not being strong enough to do so in the ordinary way are perched up aloft close to the roof in dark ill-ventilated corners, where they do their work in tread-mill fashion.

You can find many men whose childhood was spent under such conditions, still hammering the chains for railway couplings, for collieries, for ships' anchors. Here is one in his seventies, with fifty-five years spent at the same hearth: another, sixty years with one firm: a third, who was already old in the trade when the *Titanic's* anchor chain was forged. For chainmaking is a family craft, like the potter's, and all through the nineteenth century there was a pool of labour in this area upon which the trade could draw, just as the Potteries drew upon the people of the Five Towns. But this no longer holds true. In the period between the wars there were complaints about the dearth of entrants into the trade, and the same cry is being heard to-day. Of more than five hundred boys who left local schools last year, not five went into chainmaking. While this may not be so serious as it sounds, in a small industry where the trade union membership of 1,200 covers virtually all the craftsmen, it does reflect much the same state of mind as one finds in a mining village. Ask the older people in a chainmaking family if their sons and daughters have followed them into the trade, and the reaction is mostly that of the collier: "After what we've been through? Never!" They will tell you how the employers once "thought nothing on us," and treated them as "rubbing rags," of years of short time and long unemployment, of the hard and exhausting effort at the forge. Small wonder that the average age of the chainmakers moves steadily upwards with the years.

If wages have risen and hours have shortened in recent years, if relations between man and master have greatly improved—there has not been any serious dispute for a long time—little has changed in the work itself or the conditions under which it is done. Most of the works in the Cradley Heath area—about forty of them produce nine-tenths of the hand-welded chain cables made in Britain—seem like museum exhibits, owned by now paternal "family firms." In small sheds, open for ventilation's sake to the four winds, stand anything up to a score of separate hearths. Each man heats his own iron rod in the blazing coke, bends it, threads and scarfs the ends, welding them together with blows from his "Dolly" or, if the chain is slightly larger, with the "Tommy" or foot-operated hammer. Even now, many of these "Tommy" hammers are sprung by a wooden pole wedged between two beams in the roof. On a cold day the men perspire: in summer, the sweat drenches their clothes. The smaller work was done, not so very long ago, by women. The larger sizes are made out of doors. When rods of iron, as much as three inches in diameter, must be bent and welded, the job may require a chainsmith—the "tongholder"—and two strikers, all of them skilled men accustomed to working in a team. Using, say, hammers weighing eight pounds, each striker will deliver up to thirty blows on a single link. If a team turns out a length of a hundred and twenty links in a day, a simple equation in physics will show the amount of energy consumed in a shift.

The trade has its own odd customs. The men, who are all on piecework, are pretty much their own masters, coming and going when they please. Most of them start about six in the morning, take their breakfast at nine, and are through for the day soon after eleven. A working week of little more than thirty hours is usual: it is the maximum that a strong, skilled man can do without overtaxing himself. They stay at home, go to the races or football matches when they please. If one of a team is sick or away, his fellows must also be idle and unpaid, though they receive a basic rate for their two weeks' holiday. They take home, on the average, between six and nine pounds a week, the precise figure varying with a man's skill, his speed and the size of chain on which he is working.

Here economic history comes to life. For chainmaking, just as much as handloom weaving, was originally a cottage industry. Outworkers fetched their iron, took it home to the hearth at the back of their house, worked it, and brought back the finished lengths. All over Cradley Heath you can see the remains of these domestic forges. Indeed, many of the works are no more than larger sheds in which—just as the textbooks say—a master brought three, six, a dozen men together under one roof. Here is the factory system, frozen at its first stage. A few outworkers remain to this day. I talked to one woman—"self-employed," she is keeping on to qualify for her pension—who has brought up a family, all the while putting in four or five hours a day in the primitive forge beside the house. She finished a length of decorative chain, put slack on her fire, and went in to prepare her husband's dinner. Change her costume, and this is 1851.

It is not only the physical setting that forges this link with the past. Burke could have found his living traditions here. The chainsmiths were proud of their Staffordshire bull terriers, bred for baiting and fighting, and there are still men who can tell you where dogs are matched. Their fighting cockerels, nowadays, go into the pot rather than the ring, but there are men who bet a day's pay on the flight of a fancied pigeon. Evangelism, a century ago, fought Chartism for the soul of the proletarian: round Cradley Heath, the brick chapels that were its outposts are still manned by Primitive Methodists and Baptists and Wesleyans. Local Labour leaders teach on Sundays in the Ragged Schools their fathers built. Many of them are Radicals rather than Socialists, teetotallers, men with stiff high collars and gold Alberts who would look at ease and feel at home in one of those groups that hang on the walls of every Labour Hall. In Cradley Heath, the Chain Makers and Strikers' Association seems more like a club than a trade union, for how many unions could assemble virtually every member for a jubilee celebration?

Small though the trade may be, it is vital. Machines have come in to put electric in place of manual welding, and they turn out an increasing proportion of the chain cable. But there are still many tasks for which the hand-made product is preferred. British chain goes all over the world, for it is superior to any competitor. (There is an amusing story of the seduction of Cradley Heath men to the Ruhr early in the century, and the means used to entice them back before they could pass on their skills to German workers.) Yet what is to happen as the craftsmen fade away? Already, most firms cannot meet the demand for lack of trained men, and there is no reason to expect a change for the better. This craft will linger; it must linger, for there is still no proper substitute for its product. But Cradley Heath is at last being overtaken by the Industrial Revolution.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Killing a School

DISENCHANTMENT is visible among former enthusiasts for "comprehensive" schools. Some of them have found, it appears, that simple human problems will keep on cropping up to make this cure for educational inequality seem worse than the disease. In some parts of the country the cure has gone sour enough to be jettisoned; but in the Administrative County of London, where maximum opportunity for children (it is now being called "parity of esteem") is judged to be a shade less important than ease of administration, the plan goes grimly on. Grimly, because it means death to the Grammar schools, even where they might have thought themselves protected by trust deeds delivering them into the care of the L.C.C. under the Charitable Trusts Acts. Consider three current examples. In the case of George Green's School, Poplar, Hackney Downs School, and St. Marylebone Grammar School (all privately established many years ago), the L.C.C., which for the past forty years has filled the role of financial saviour and trustee, now seeks to add that of executioner: they are to be merged, whether they like it or not, with Council schools in their respective districts.

There is, however, a hitch. Within the terms of Section 9 of the Education Act, 1944, these three schools are "secondary schools *maintained* by a local education authority," but none of them was in fact "*established* by a local education authority." They appear, therefore (though this is disputed and at present unresolved), to be identified under this section as "voluntary schools"; and a school so classified, unlike a County school, cannot be merged without the consent of its Governors. This ambiguity of status was embarrassing to the L.C.C. Somehow, to be eligible for execution, the three must be firmly classified as County schools; and, as trustee, the L.C.C. was competent to ask the Minister of Education to make the change. Clearly, it would look better if the schools themselves appeared to be initiating the idea; so their Boards of Governors were asked by the L.C.C. to submit proposals for transmission to the Minister; and by way of sustaining them in the process of digging their own graves, the L.C.C. obligingly—and unasked—supplied them with the wording of a resolution that would have this effect.

The Governing Boards of these schools hold office for three years only—at the pleasure of the L.C.C. and with functions that are purely advisory. It follows that the L.C.C. can "pack" them as it wishes and, in the event of sustained obstructiveness, as it probably would. Since education became the plaything of municipal politics, it has been part of the game that the constitution of the Boards should reflect changing political ascendencies on the local Council. In the case of Hackney Downs School, it seems, the L.C.C.'s present purpose would have been achieved whether the Board had been "packed" or not: the Governors signed on the dotted line and—to the accompaniment, no doubt, of some damaged consciences—the obliteration of their school is assured.

The Governors of St. Marylebone School, despite their Labour majority, were less tractable. Quite unexpectedly, they refused to play on the terms dictated. Their school, founded in 1792 by the Philological Society, had established broad traditions—among them that of forming into a consciously happy community boys from varying classes of homes, and giving them opportunities most suited to their ability, in a concentrated education that would be hopelessly dissipated in the larger congregation now proposed. It has produced such diverse kinds of men as Jerome K. Jerome, the late Lord Rothermere, Sydney Dark, H. C. Beeching, and Bertram Mills. As a Grammar school it offers one of the few remaining openings for London boys whose impecunious parents want them prepared for universities. With no satisfactory alternative in sight for the foreseeable future (the "secondary modern schools" do not provide it), the St. Marylebone Governors feel that their appeal to tradition has fact as well as sentiment to support it.

County Hall, therefore, woos them no longer. It has decided to press for a Ministerial order imposing county status on the rebel school, by way of dressing it, so to speak, for sacrifice. As is usual in the case of enabling statutes that contain possibilities of Ministerial injustice, Parliament provided in the Education Act, 1944 (section 17 (4)) that trust deeds of the St. Marylebone variety should not be violated (the word actually used is "modified") unless it was "expedient in the interests of the school." It was also conceded that Boards of Governors (or any ten municipal electors) could petition the Minister if and when he was considering a proposal to mark them down for "modification." The Governors in this case are putting up the not unreasonable objection that it is not "expedient in the interests" of their school that it be liquidated; and Mr. Tomlinson, answering a question in the Commons on March 5, said that he was then considering the application of the Governors of St. Marylebone School that it should become a "voluntary controlled school."

The St. Marylebone Governors, in fact, almost equally divided in political allegiance and serving harmoniously under a Labour chairman, are being a nuisance. They have made a national issue of a minor local mopping-up operation from which decent people could have averted their gaze until it was over. From now on, as the rumpus grows in the national and local press and *The Times Educational Supplement*, the Minister of Education will be in a position rather worse than that of a Home Secretary considering whether to commute a capital sentence or let the man hang; rather worse, that is to say, because in granting a reprieve to the school the Minister would have merely his own unequivocal firmness with which to forestall fresh clamour for a hanging. There is no British system of administration, national or local, that is not the stronger for having tolerated exceptions, and the Minister could well decide that this much-loved school must be one of them. There is one aspect of British life that is suffering gravely from the incursion into municipal affairs of those political allegiances whose answer to the voice of reason is "My party, right or wrong." It is the education of our children.

C. H. ROLPH

"Red Belt"

THE "Red Belt" of Paris isn't all Red; it has many deep blue patches like Neuilly, which is almost solidly Gaullist. St. Denis and Ivry are predominantly Red, but at Boulogne-Billancourt, notwithstanding its high revolutionary reputation, one finds a bit of everything. The Town Council, housed in the luxurious Mairie, built during the building boom of the early 'thirties, was elected in 1947 and consists of 16 Gaullists, 15 Communists, and 6 Socialists: and the Mayor, M. Le Gallo, is an old Socialist *militant*. Boulogne-Billancourt is, in reality, part of Paris, and one of the Metro lines runs right through it, as far as Sèvres Bridge. Yet, like all Paris suburbs, it looks different from Paris the very moment you cross the old line of *fortifs* at the Porte Saint-Cloud. The streets and houses, somehow, seem grubbier; the architectural tidiness of Paris suddenly disappears; and it looks as if the houses and streets had been jumbled together in any old way, blocks of modern flats alternating with decrepit slum dwellings, open-air repair-shops and empty spaces. There are more empty spaces in Boulogne-Billancourt than before the war, for 300 houses were destroyed in the wartime Allied raids, and only a small proportion has been rebuilt. In what rebuilding goes on at present the bombed-out people—the *sinistrés*—get priority; but, since rearmament began, the housing grants—never adequate anyway—are being cut down by the State and, as for private enterprise in building, nothing is being done at all, except for some blocks of luxury flats, on which any rent whatsoever can be charged. But "ordinary" houses, with the maximum rents fixed at 11 to 12 times the pre-war rent, are not a paying investment, since building costs are about 20 times as high as before the war.

This is one of the fundamental causes of the French housing shortage which sometimes assumes both grotesque and tragic forms. A Billancourt *sinistré*, soon after receiving a nice new flat, bought some furniture and then promptly sublet the place to an American for 35,000 francs a month. On the other hand, I talked to a Renault worker, making some 25,000 francs a month, who was living in one small hotel room with his wife and four children and was paying 7,000 francs rent a month. "Awful place," he said, "and full of Algerians, too." Since the man was a Communist, I thought his remark about the Algerians rather uncalled for. But he explained that it wasn't a racial but a social question; a lot of the Algerians were uncouth and hooligan, got drunk and carried knives. "It's not their fault. They are the result of a hundred years of colonial exploitation." His wife was scared stiff of them, all the same. The Algerians are, indeed, a minor, but still a nasty problem in the "Red Belt." At home they hear rumours that it is easy to grow rich in Paris; as French citizens there is nothing to stop them from coming here; but while some learn a job and settle down respectably, sometimes after marrying a French or an Algerian woman, others find themselves completely down-and-out in a short time. During the rubble-clearing dozens of half-starved Algerians were found at Boulogne living among the ruins and, until a couple of years ago, some parts of Boulogne were dangerous at night; for a whole little North-African underworld had developed there since 1945. For a while the police had a very tough time. However, a number of "North-African hostels," with dormitories, are now opening.

Occupationally, Boulogne-Billancourt is Renault. But, even so, Renault is not everything. Of the 35,000 workers of Renault (not counting the

YELLOW RIVER

NOT the Yellow River of China—just any one of the many 'yellow' rivers of the Tropics. Man has always settled as near water as possible. To him it has meant life, and it is due to this instinctive reasoning that many rivers have been venerated as gods—Father Tiber and Mother Ganges—arbiters of life and death. The peoples who dwelt on their banks had no means of realising that the same waters from which they drew their life brought also death, killing them in their thousands because they or their animals polluted them with the bacteria of cholera, dysentery, typhoid and other plague-causing diseases. Even in Europe and America, amid all the amenities of peace-time civilisation, river and stream waters threaten the lives of millions of dwellers in the great cities. Fearful epidemics may be caused by infected drinking water. Diseases may spread by contaminated swimming-baths. More than ever to-day do these dangers threaten the health of man, woman and child. Luckily the British chemist has developed weapons with which to meet them, particularly in the use of chlorine for the sterilization of water. Credit for its first systematic use for this purpose is due to the late Sir Alexander Houston, who employed hypochlorite during a severe epidemic of typhoid at Lincoln in 1904. His successful treatment attracted attention all over the world. Later the use of chlorine gas in place of hypochlorite solutions was developed. This is the method mostly favoured nowadays. Chlorination is particularly valuable in areas where the water supply has become contaminated. The British chemist is constantly at work improving methods for maintaining the health of the nation by ensuring that its water supplies are safe. The British chemical industry—the first in the world to manufacture chlorine upon a commercial scale—can be relied upon to provide an adequate supply of both chlorine and hypochlorites.

ICI

10,000 workers of the subsidiary Renault works in other parts of France) perhaps only 10,000 live in Boulogne itself. There are numerous other small and medium engineering plants in the town, some dependent on Renault, dozens of large laundries (Boulogne's No. 2 "industry"), a large shopkeeping class, and a substantial residential part adjoining the Bois de Boulogne.

It was at the Renault works that the great stay-in strike movement took on its most spectacular form in 1936, and since then Renault has had a particularly "revolutionary" reputation. But what is the position to-day? Renault is the largest and most successful automobile plant in France, and, after Austin, the largest in Europe. It has the peculiarity of being the only nationalised automobile plant in France. It produced, in 1950, 142,000 vehicles, among them 86,000 of the highly successful small four-seater. Six hundred and eighty new vehicles a day now leave the works. It turns out nearly three times more cars than before the war, and is generally admitted to be, technically, one of the outstanding successes of French post-war industry. Its buildings (rather than its machinery) were badly wrecked by air-raids, but, thanks to the workers' enthusiasm and drive, it was quickly restored after the Liberation, and, with 16 years as the average age of the machine tools (as against 20 in 1945) it ranks among the most modern of French plants.

M. Louis Renault was, before the war, the sole owner of this vast undertaking, but during the German invasion he was on a purchasing mission in the U.S. and, after the armistice, he voluntarily returned to Paris and offered his services to the Germans. He died in prison after the Liberation, and the Renault works was nationalised and became the *Régie Nationale des Usines Renault*. The technical and engineering staff remained the same as before, and a proud boast of M. Lefaucheux, its Director-General, is that "it's run precisely like a private firm," though under the orders of a "technocracy," instead of a capitalist boss. The sole shareholder of Renault's to-day is the State, and the State was paid last year a net profit of 350 million francs (£350,000), which it "ploughed back." Like everybody else, Renault pays taxes—£5 million in 1950—and, apart from its right to issue debentures, it receives no funds from outside. In short, it is run on a strictly competitive basis. Both the "technocrats" at the head of it, and the workers, agree that technically, the nationalisation of Renault has been a great success.

But it is much more debatable whether it has been successful as a social experiment. Renault is, in fact, an anomaly—a nationalised industry in a capitalist system which does not believe in the principle of nationalisation. Not only the Communists—who represent over half the workers, in so far as they belong to the C.G.T.—but also the members of the Christian trade union (C.F.T.C.), who are second in importance, agree that "the spirit of the workers has greatly changed since 1947." Until then, with the Communists still in the Government, and the M.R.P. full of Socialist ideas, *all* the workers were proud of thinking that the nationalisation of Renault was a step towards Socialism in France. The workers' council—the *comité d'entreprise*—which is not only an important advisory body, but is also in charge of important funds to be spent on social improvements amongst the workers—was very active until 1947. To-day it is scarcely on speaking terms with the management, who consider it as a centre of Communist political agitation—a point with which the Christian trade unionists find it hard to agree entirely. At all events it is being more or less boycotted by the bosses. One Christian trade unionist told me: "The workers' share in running things here is nothing like what it is in Germany. If, until 1947, the *comité d'entreprise* was, as the bosses now say, "loyal," and is no longer loyal, the change of attitude is quite understandable. We Christian trade unionists are *also* Socialists, and if, to us, the nationalisation of Renault was a great hope, a source of real enthusiasm, we know that Renault is now just another factory among many others, and run on precisely the same lines as the rest. Now Socialism has been postponed *sine die*."

Another member of the Christian trade union said that in recent months disillusionment over the nationalisation of Renault had gone a step further: there was among the workers, and not only among the Communists, a good deal of nervousness, if not actually fear. And the fact that this was a nationalised industry made it, if anything, worse; for people were afraid that they might be classed as Government servants and would therefore be subject to political purges, such as had already taken place at the Atomic Energy Centre. "Even people who are not Communists," he said, "are often bound up with them by a *solidarité de travail*, and although, in theory, everybody is allowed to hold every political and trade union view he likes, the tendency among *all* workers to-day is to keep their traps shut."

The wages—well, the wages are just about the same as in the Paris engineering industry generally, perhaps just a fraction better, in virtue of an agreement made between the management and the trade unions, other than the C.G.T., in September. The C.G.T. being sticky, the management signed the agreement, carrying a slight increase in pay, with the other unions, the C.G.T. subscribing to it later, *faute de mieux*. Including bonuses and a travelling allowance, the wages vary from about 110 francs, unskilled, to 170 francs, highly skilled—i.e., 2s. 3d. to 3s. 6d.—an hour, or, with 200 working hours a month, from about £21 to £34 monthly. Family allowances and social insurance dues increase the wage bill by another 40 per cent. In terms of purchasing power these total wages are substantially lower than before the war (on the average, it is reckoned, about 20 per cent. lower), and with the cost of living sharply rising in the last few weeks, and threatening to rise still further, the relative economic stability and equilibrium that was at last beginning to be reached in the early part of 1950 is being rapidly destroyed. Owing chiefly to American rearmament, the living standard is quickly going down and production costs going up—a point that appeared to be causing the management of Renault considerable concern. How short would rubber be? And would there be strikes?

The *average* impoverishment of France compared with pre-war days can be easily observed from a study of France's automobile statistics—a point that one misses by merely looking at the tremendous traffic in the centre of Paris. In 1939 there were in France 1,817,000 private cars and 471,000 commercial vehicles; in 1949 the respective figures were 1,028,000 and 796,000. Cars before the war were largely owned by professional people and also by highly skilled workers and foremen. These can no longer afford cars. The main *clientèle* for new cars are small businessmen and shopkeepers, who now include a car in their overheads. Another curious point I discovered at Renault's is that the great majority of tractors made there are for export; except for estates and very large farms, French agriculture cannot afford the use of tractors, owing to the abnormally high cost of petrol. Highly modernised agriculture in France is another 1945 dream that did not come true.

Paris, March. ALEXANDER WERTH

So They Say . . .

FIRST comment on Mr. Bevin's departure varied from the *Star's* frank tribute ("He has struggled tenaciously, gallantly, and at the cost of his health to keep the peace . . . it is not his fault that danger still besets us") to the verdict of the *Evening News*: "He went to [the Foreign Office] as the bells were still ringing-in the era of peace and plenty . . . he goes out at a moment when mankind seems to be hovering on the brink of a third world-war . . . what a change, indeed, in six short years! Just how far is Ernest Bevin responsible?" "Just how much of the main structure upon which we now depend for the hope of peace was fashioned by his statesmanship!" countered the *Daily Herald*. "The rift between the Great Powers widened [after the war]," commented the *Manchester Guardian* on Saturday, "and it would have been easy—and fatal—for Britain to drift into some kind of illusory 'neutralism' . . . it is largely thanks to Bevin that there was no such drift." "History will rank Mr. Bevin among the great Foreign Secretaries," considered the *News Chronicle*.

Mr. Morrison was welcomed with mixed editorial emotions—despite the *Daily Herald's* insistence that "to-day's verdict, even amongst the Opposition, will be that the Foreign Office is in good hands." "Two fine decisions," exclaimed the *Daily Express*, explaining that Morrison was risking his succession to the Socialist leadership in his new and perilous job, but that "Mr. Morrison is right to run it. A man should always put his country's needs before his own." The *Daily Telegraph*, however, said that "Mr. Bevin, to a greater degree than Mr. Morrison, has given the impression of acting on principle; and it is at all times better for policy to be conducted by men of character than by men of brains." The *Daily Mail* also confessed itself "not inspired by the appointment."

On Sunday the partisan approach was more emphatic in some quarters. "The new Foreign Secretary is a politician who carries what convictions he possesses very lightly," wrote the *Sunday Dispatch* commentator. "Party considerations are seldom absent either from his thought or his speech. For this reason it is impossible not to regret his new appointment." The editorial drove home the point: "Can he be expected to measure the details of international affairs without relating them to the Socialist prospects in the next by-election—or General Election?"

It was left to the *Sunday Express*, however, to be first off the mark in detecting new international applications of the Party programme:—

> "Nationalise our oil," cry the Persians. Who is responsible for that cry? Not the Persians. Lay the blame squarely where it belongs—upon the British Government, Mr. Attlee and his colleagues. They gave the world the idea of nationalisation and put it into practice. The Persians are merely following their example. . . .

Inspired, perhaps, by this political discovery, the *Daily Express* lost no time in following its stable companion's lead. It "splashed" on Wednesday "The most alarming interview since I met Hitler in the burning Reichstag"—so Mr. Delmer, the Dick Barton of Fleet Street, reported from Teheran. He had been told by Seyd Kashani, "leader of the fanatically anti-British terrorist organisation," that "the British must get out—lock, stock and barrel . . . We are going to do it. No one can stop us."

There seemed to be a spot of bother in the Islamic Class of Mr. Morrison's Nationalisation Academy. AUTOLYCUS

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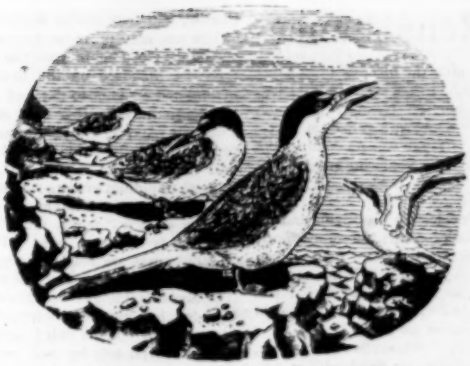

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Scots Renaissance

SHE came up to me after the meeting of Scottish school-teachers which I had been addressing. "I dinna' want to hurt y'r feelings," she said, "but I must say it's a peety, a gr-r-r-eat peety, ye've lost y'r Scots." There was no compassion, just stern reproach; and my feelings were hurt because they were already tender from all the reminders I had got, on this trip North, that I am a renegade Scot neglecting his origins and his accent, no longer a home-comer but an in-comer, a naturalised Englishman. Even my subject, deserts, had not been immune. "When are you going to look into the Scottish deserts?" I was asked repeatedly. And one old pedagogue said pointedly: "I'd remind ye that 'Desert' is a vairb as well as a noon." More than ever before, I had noticed this "Scots for Scotland," as well as "Scotland for the Scots," sentiment: a Scotsman's duty, one was constantly told, lies in Scotland.

This Scots resurgence, which found expression in that remarkable manifestation, the Scottish Covenant, which about half the voters of Scotland signed, is a factor too general to be ignored; and it is quite wrong to think of it as maudlin sentiment or historical nostalgia. There is a universal belief that Scotland, with self-government, would be much better off. The Scottish Council for Development and Industry has brought new industries to the country and offset its dependence on heavy industry; the flight of Scottish scientists and technicians has been partly checked and diverted into local initiative; but, against these achievements, Scotland still has grievances which it blames on the fact that "Westminster is a long way off." Unemployment at the moment is nearly double the English rate; housing is falling into grievous arrears, and tuberculosis is increasing at an alarming rate as a result of the worsening social conditions.

I remember, years ago, hearing Walter Elliot try to explain Scottish nationalism to that intransigent internationalist, H. G. Wells. Elliot explained that it was more powerful as a sentiment than as a movement—meaning that it was something that political parties could not afford to ignore. As Wells was still unimpressed, Elliot thumped the table and said: "But, man, you don't understand how bad things are in Scotland. We've got 300,000 houses in the burghs of Scotland without separate W.C.s." Wells roared with laughter. "Now," he said, "I know what Scottish Nationalism means. For 200 years you've been looking for a throne for Bonnie Prince Charlie, and now you've found him 300,000!"

The jest may prove an earnest. The housing standards are a more powerful rallying symbol than the Standard on the Braes o' Mar: the determined Scots of to-day look at the graves of the consumptives rather than at the mounds of Culloden. And certainly they can find justification in the figures. In 1943, the Advisory Committee said that Scotland needed 500,000 new houses to reach minimum modern standards. The annual loss through deterioration is 11,000, and the number of new "family units" (newly married couples) is 20,000 a year. That means that 31,000 houses are needed to replace those condemned and to keep pace with the marriage-rate. The house-building is only 25,000 a year. So the back-log has not been touched; the deficit is increasing by 6,000 a year; and local authorities have not been able to close condemned houses. The queues of applicants are as long as they were in 1945.

Overcrowding takes its inevitable toll. The World Health Organisation has drawn attention to the fact that, of 29 countries submitting reports to this U.N. agency, only two—Scotland and Portugal—show a rising death-rate from tuberculosis. In the ten-year period, deaths from T.B. in England and Wales decreased by 21 per cent., but in Scotland they increased by 4½ per cent. In Scotland there are 74 T.B. deaths per thousand of the population, compared with 19 in Denmark. There is a shortage of beds for active consumptives and the bad housing conditions, health authorities agree, are responsible for the increase in the disease.

Now when schoolboys start talking about the "Goschen Fraction," it is time for politicians to take notice. The "Goschen Fraction" is the formula by which eleven-eightieths of the U.K. domestic expenditure is supposed to be spent in Scotland. The Scots dispute the fairness of the fraction, and say it is wrongly spent anyway, because decisions lie with "English" Ministries. All the Covenanters, who insist on self-government and devolution—from those who want complete separatism, with customs barriers on the Cheviots, to those who would be content with an extra Minister of State and more de-centralisation of Whitehall Departments—are agreed that Scotland should have a full say in deciding how taxation raised in Scotland should be spent. "Gi'es oor ain money," said an old Scot to me, "and let's mak'a kirk or a mill o't."

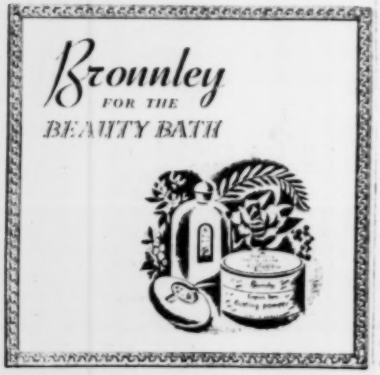
There is no doubt that the Scottish case is strengthened by the post-war industrial revival due partly to sustained pressure on Whitehall, but mainly to the prodigious efforts of a handful of public men, supported by the patriotic enthusiasm of industrialists and local authorities. But Scots point with as great pride to the new "renaissance" in the cultural field. Conspicuously, there is the drama—now second to football as a popular interest. One in every 150 persons in Scotland is actively connected with the drama movement; and nearly 500 teams from all over the country have entered for the one-act play festival of the Scottish Community Drama Association, now 25 years old. Then, too, there is a burgeoning school of poetry—very uneven but definitely significant—with more meaning to "Lallans" and "plastic Scots" than misplaced enthusiasm and counter-ridicule from the South would suggest.

Finally, there is a revival of Scots dancing. The most popular feature of the Scottish B.B.C. is the programmes of folk-dance music. It is almost impossible to book a hall in Scotland because they are continually bespoke for Highland dancing. And the B.B.C. is the patron of the Scots composers, who are beginning vigorously to assert themselves, as are the groups of new painters.

Outward manifestations of this Scottish renaissance are the Edinburgh Festival and, on the industrial side, the 1951 Exhibition which Glasgow is organising. These are the dressed windows, but they are merely indicative of the surging interest in the towns and countryside. Politicians would do well to remember that florescence of Irish culture accompanied the climate of the Sinn Fein movement.

Meanwhile the Scottish Covenant is a headache for party politicians. It cuts across the party lines and divides the parties themselves. The Labour Party has "tae'n ower little tent o't," in spite of the forewarnings it had in the London Scots Self-Government Committee of the Thirties. This was a Labour Party attempt to cope with and canalise the sentiment, which was then scarcely a movement. What has happened while Labour has been in power has satisfied no one, not even its own Scottish supporters. Nor did Herbert Morrison improve matters recently by his complacent retort that in these days, when we are striving to bring nations together, it would be wrong to encourage separatism. The Scots Covenanters of all parties regard themselves as good internationalists and Scotland as a grown-up member of the family of nations. If the Labour Party continues to underestimate Scottish nationalist sentiment it will be sowing the electoral wind.

RITCHIE CALDER



Embarkation at Gwadar

THE Captain was worried. Very soon I began to see why. It was a rough day, ragged green waves with a touch of white. The cliffs of Gwadar, strangely hollowed and striated, seemed to be done in pencil and wash, possibly by Rackham, so very odd and gobliny, in a theatrical kind of way, they were. But the town itself lay low across the bay, boats clustered near it: boats which were soon coming full sail for us.

We could smell the dried fish, Gwadar's main export, even before the first dhows let down their great sails and came alongside. The booms are longer than the boats, and some inevitably get broken; few were in one piece. The first dhows, 30 and 40 footers, almost entirely open, were full of bundles of dried fish wrapped in matting. Each had a very small dug-out canoe on board and a crew who were all shouting at once, sometimes rhythmically but more often individually. One of them had the loading coolies as well as several men armed with rather ancient rifles, perhaps representing the Sultan of Muscat, the not altogether lovable ruler to whom this territory on the Baluchistan coast belongs.

It was difficult even for the coolies to get aboard, but they jumped for a rope ladder and scrambled up. Meanwhile a number of light boats, canoe-shaped, had been paddled up with the local oars, comic but effective—light lengths of wood with a round bit fixed on the end. During the next few hours plenty of them were broken.

Then the chaos began. Each of these canoes held several passengers and their luggage, bundles done up in sacking or carpet, baskets of vegetables, crates of hens, cooking-pots. All hovered round the ship, riding the waves amazingly well, any way on, and in spite of men standing on them, or running, somehow, along the gunwales within inches of the sea. And now two or three more dhows filled with passengers came out, sailing

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almost into the wind and at a great pace, a board stuck out at one side with a man on the end of it to weight the boat on the side which was tilting up.

An accommodation ladder had been let down on the port side, and the canoes all made for that. They held men of all races from Arab to Somali, and all clothes from European coat and trousers to short grey drawers; but most had some kind of head cloth. The family groups were mostly Indian or Pakistani, and mostly poor. What savings they had were on the noses, wrists, ankles and toes of the women, whose dresses and saris were all shades, from purple through magenta to pink, and again from ochre brown through orange to yellow, and an occasional brilliant blue. But some were just in rags and bangles.

The canoes swung eight feet up and down with the waves, which were becoming more violent; men were swimming with ropes; everyone yelled except the women. They were hauled along by their wrists and passed across to the foot of the ladder, where they were seized in another grip and hurtled up, often wet to the waist. The younger children, light and brittle-looking, were half thrown; it was like loading sheep on to lorries at a fair. One woman, edging along a tossing canoe, was holding something which was pulled away from her while she clutched at it and seemed to protest, the only woman to do so. It was handed up in a strong grip, still and tiny and shockingly new-born.

There was no kind of order about this. The canoes knocked one another out from the place by the ladder if they could, separating families, hitting at one another. One canoe was half water-logged, the bundles were swimming, the men baling frantically at one end while they let the other swing round under a steady gush of water from the ship which filled her faster than the bailers could empty. Nobody helped anyone else; it was the complete triumph of the Manchester school of private enterprise.

And now the big dhows came barging in, knocking the little craft away. There was splintering and smashing, rudders gone, booms broken, the water scattered with bits of wood. The men crowded to the bows; the women crouched in the stern, still and vomiting; they had been chucked around for an hour now. Again they were pulled along and threw themselves or were thrown from boat to ship. One fell in, but clutched in time at a step. The moment they felt themselves safe they pulled their veils tidy over their long braids; their papers were clutched tight, but sometimes there was a jam at the head of the gangway and those on the lowest rungs of the ladder had to wait with the sea battering at their legs.

Meanwhile the unloading was going on, after an almost equally chaotic rush at the beginning. The dhows were shipping it green over their bows, which can't have been too good for the cargo. This dried fish goes to Ceylon as manure for the tea gardens. But many of these deck passengers have a bundle of dried fish with them and are taking it to sell at Karachi. As they certainly were not the actual fishermen, but must have bought the fish themselves, there must be incredibly little margin of profit here. But the wife can no more be left behind than the savings bank book. And pain and discomfort do not count: are too ordinary.

One dhow had a rather better-class family group, some of the women completely veiled in tent-like burkas, white or pale blue; they stumbled blindly in these, but somehow got aboard. The children wailed but were much quieter and easier to handle than English children would have been, and the men were quite careful of them.

The dhows that were lying in were now threshing about with their masts, more and more wildly. One caught in a stay, but it was the top of the mast that splintered off. A little later the blunted mast caught under one of the beautiful teak rails and tore it like cardboard. The Captain was all over the ship at once; winged words passed between him and the local agent whose responsibility it was. I got out of the way in case I proved inhibiting, but I think it was beyond that!

Still the wretched women trailed up the ladder, their veils draggled with sea water and vomit, their bracelets and rings heavy on their thin clutching hands. In a dhow an elderly, bearded man caught at his turban as it blew off; he tried to tie it round his waist, but a lovely 12-year-old daughter or grand-daughter, crimson-veiled over green, the light gold nose-ring setting off her finebones, was clutching him tight with terrified, agonised fingers. He disengaged her gently, tied on the turban and let her clutch again. The little, pink footed children kicked like frogs or hung limp.

The decks aft were already crowded from Basra on, but room had been kept forward for these newcomers. They settled in heaps like tired, driven beasts and began to cook; they laid out mats; there were one or two wood and string children's beds among the mixed bundles. The last load of fish bundles was swung into the hold while the din went on, for none of the boatmen stopped yelling, even when they had finished unloading, and the coolies had to be got back in the empty dhows. But the passengers' own particular bundles of fish still stank as they settled down among them for the short voyage to Karachi.

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The Arts and Entertainment

GUYING THE BARD

THE much-talked-of, much-heralded, much-publicised *Kiss Me Kate* has at last arrived, and it turns out a rather mild little mouse. An engaging enough mouse, to be sure, but inevitably a let-down when we had supposed it to be a mountain that was "expecting." *Kiss Me Kate* is just the American musical mixture as before: some good ensemble dancing, pretty dresses, good vintage lyrics and music by Cole Porter, a ravishing lead in Miss Patricia Morison, a clever soubrette in Miss Julie Wilson, the usual paucity of humour and a poorish story, built round a divorced husband and wife, actors, engaged in playing *The Taming of the Shrew*; and chunks of this play, with some light lyrics interposed, are played out on the stage for us. These are the only parts of the piece that are not frankly banal: and even they are questionable on the score of originality.

The interesting thing about all this is why *Kiss Me Kate* should have acquired so tremendous a reputation. What did it have for its New York audiences which has failed to come across the Atlantic? I refuse the obvious explanation, that it was simply better done in America, although the Coliseum does seem to be altogether too large for it: the effect of having to bang it across all that space is to beat out the thinness almost to boring-point at times. Nor do I believe that its value lay in providing a snob version of that taste for potted culture, for classics-made-easy, for predigested Shakespeare described in a recent article in these columns by Mr. Mervyn Jones. I couldn't help wondering whether there isn't involved one of those subtle differences between the American temperament and our own that is so easily concealed by our resemblances. The authors, I am told on reliable authority, were anxious about the reception of their piece. They feared that in "the land of Shakespeare," their guying of the bard would give offence. Now they needn't have worried on this score. A Coliseum audience can be relied upon for a pretty solid display of British phlegm in the face of jokes against Shakespeare. But the fact that the American authors had these doubts may be a pointer. Can it be that to our so much more culture-conscious cousins there was in the treatment of this story that spice of the *daring* which makes a joke so much more fun? Was there something naughtily irreverent about the Shrew breaking out of Shakespeare into a number "I hate men"? A titillating touch of the blasphemous about Petruchio striding on to sing "I've come to wive it wealthily in Padua"? If so, then that was just the element that was missing for us.

This may seem fanciful, but it is certainly true, as we know from the other way round, that the particular local essence of musical comedy is difficult to transplant. The musical romances of the very widely lamented Ivor Novello were expert pieces of craftsmanship, aimed with an astonishing accuracy at a certain section of the British heart: they never missed it; but visiting Americans found them banal and sentimental in the extreme. And indeed the attempt to take them across the Atlantic was wisely never made. Miss Cicely Courtneidge, too (whose *Gay's the Word* seems to me to have infinitely more drive and entertainment value than *Kiss Me Kate*) has never succeeded to the same extent with the American public. Whatever the explanation, those who have failed to get seats at the Coliseum needn't feel too disappointed. It is a pleasant enough show, perhaps a little thinner than usual and missing in the English version some of the American vitality. Far the best part of it is Cole Porter's, and that can be enjoyed outside the theatre.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Les Casse-pieds," at the Cameo-Polytechnic
"Storm Warning," at Warner's
"Tomorrow is too Late," at the Rialto

The English title chosen for the piece at the Cameo-Polytechnic is *As Others See Us* but *As Others Bore Us* would be more pointed. This is a film about bores, an anecdotal dissertation upon them, an excursion among them. Noël-Noël, who wrote the script, takes the lecturer's or victim's part. On a sort of platform accommodated with puppet theatre, cartoon case, flip-over movie, and a magic blackboard he demonstrates, illustrates, fantasticates, probes, and suffers his theme. Cinematic tricks of all kinds abound: we are always being whisked off to watch him being caught in room or street. He contrives, in the modern essayist's manner, to be both witty and unobtrusive. Some of his adventures are very funny indeed: especially being driven by a woman motorist whose usual way of pulling up is to bump the car ahead, meeting in a theatre bar the old friend he can't remember to have seen before, trying to eat lunch while the telephone barks an interminable story, and being walked round the streets by an old gootee who rehearses startling scenes from his family life and keeps hammering the points on his companion's arm till it's blue. Most of these bores coruscate. The inevitable drawback of such a film is that, being no more than an ingeniously interrupted monologue, it requires a non-stop liveliness of address: this Noël-Noël almost succeeds in providing. *Les Casse-pieds* amuses brilliantly two-thirds of the time.

The muck-raker, busy last week with metropolitan suicide, now travels south after the Ku Klux Klan. One of those elongated buses that to English eyes are a thrill in themselves deposits us in a small town after dark; out steps Miss Ginger Rogers; she finds the place quiet; it grows quieter and quieter, until, round a corner, come a couple of shots and a man dead at her feet. Ten minutes later the streets and the bars are humming, and, introduced to her sister's husband, she recognises in him one of the hooded assailants.

As skilful and promising a start as one could wish. For who, in the heat of the event, is likely to puzzle why murderers, having chosen the most cowardly and fantastic of disguises, should unmask themselves at the crucial moment? But if they don't, Miss Rogers will lack her evidence, and there will be no film. Afterwards, as the thrills of exposure are counter-balanced by more and more conventional turns, we may protest that the whole piece has been too well-plotted by half. The sister is going to have a baby: and so Miss Rogers won't talk. There must be attempted rape, a scene in which truth-loving hero makes heroine "bitterly ashamed", and violent death for the villain: these are duly provided. Trial, kidnapping, chase, last-minute rescue. Everything prearranged, till the final concourse of the Klan in a torch-lit clearing loses half its effect. Why, given the graphic subject, melodramatise it? However, there it is. *Storm Warning* thrills, with uncomfortable jogs of reality, well enough. Miss Rogers remains, if none too happily, herself; Steve Cochran gives a good performance as the murderous underling; and Stuart Heisler's direction is able.

One incalculable merit of *Storm Warning* is that it does—melodrama or no melodrama—convince us both of its small town and of terror in the background. *Tomorrow is too Late*, buttressed as heavily with screen conventions, leaves us more doubtful than persuaded. Is life in an Italian co-educational school really like this? Are the children so obsessed with sex, and at the same time so appallingly ignorant? Too much of this film, drawing tears and a moral, seems to exist in its own vacuum. Fiction turns up for us again an embittered tyrant of a head-mistress, the younger members of the staff brought together by the battle against reaction, fiendish punishments and an over-sensitive child driven to suicide. It doesn't, perhaps, quite hang together. But the troubled idyll of the boy and the girl (Anne Maria Pierangeli) seriously charms, and for those who have never seen Vittorio de Sica, here he is, most sympathetically, in a film not his own.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

TELEVISION NOTES

ANYONE who watches TV regularly soon becomes aware of its convulsive struggles to liberate itself from sound-broadcasting. In the beginning it was content to be merely a third dimension of wireless and, even now, many of its more important programmes are simply illustrated variants of old wireless favourites. Thus *Picture Page* is more or less a visual facsimile of *In Town To-night* and *In the News* a camera presentation of such standard sound-patterns as *Taking Stock* or *The Brains Trust*. Up to a point the adoption of this lease-lend arrangement between Portland Place and Lime Grove is wise and commendable, but if it is too complacently accepted it is likely to impede the advance of TV to full dominion status. The assumption that what "goes" in sound will "go" equally on the screen is still too prevalent among some TV managers who, apparently unconvinced by the flop of *We Beg to Differ*, are now risking a similar failure with their simultaneous transmission, in vision, of that well-established sound-success *Any Questions*. Several other borrowings and combined operations of this kind are being planned, and if the copy-cats who favour this policy of imitation get the upper hand, the creative spirits of TV will be increasingly frustrated in the endeavour to establish sovereignty in their medium. The studio-audience, I notice, is rapidly infiltrating into TV Variety, to the inevitable detriment of those fireside pleasures which these screen-shows are supposed to project. Is it really the business of TV to bring the Palladium into the parlour? Would it not do better to exploit the intimate, close-up comedy of such TV pioneers as Terry-Thomas?

I am not suggesting, I hope, that TV is dominated by a subservient respect for the sound-successes of wireless. It has invented many effective novelties of its own, such as *International Commentary*, in which Christopher Mayhew, aided by map and film and blackboard, gives his excellent exposés of foreign affairs, or the periodic pilgrimages to the national art collections, or that fascinating series, *Ballet for Beginners*. It is because such items as these are a creative exploration of a relatively new medium that I want to see more of them, and for the same reason I want to discourage the recent tendency to employ TV as the visual duplicator of sound-broadcasting.

Television drama is a lively and enterprising department. In tackling Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* the producer, Stephen Harrison, must have realised that he would lose upon the roundabouts what he gained upon the swings. He got full value out of the many intimate scenes in the play—the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, for instance, or the gentle remonstrance of Portia. But it was inevitable that the crowd scenes, so organic to the drama, should be reduced, so to speak, to a mere token turbulence, although this defect was, indeed, minimised by concentrating the camera on three or four typical faces among the seething mob. Another ambitious adventure in drama was *Dinner at Eight*, the American play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. This was as long (2½ hours) as the recent production of Elmer Rice's *Counsellor at Law*, which it resembled also in its rich documentary texture. Like Elmer Rice's play, again, despite its long list of characters it deployed them in many changing scenes, so that there was never any congestion on the screen. On all technical grounds, then, this was a distinct success, but the theme seemed to me too threadbare to deserve such a prolonged development. The Midland burgesses who now make up such a large segment of the TV constituency do not favour sombre drama. Otherwise I should urge

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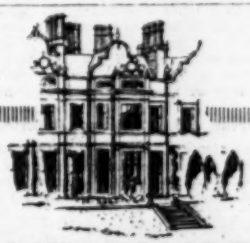
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TV to give us a few pieces by Eugene O'Neill. They seem to me "naturals" for television.

W. E. WILLIAMS

"The Mask" at the Watergate

Can a lyrical talent find expression in the theatre? In prose plays, paradoxically, yes. There are moments of Chekhov for instance, though his talent was more than lyrical. Mrs. Anne Ridler's *The Mask* almost renews the paradox in another form. This poem about a park, with park-keeper and lake and deck-chairs for hire, is a version of *Lac des Cygnes*. There is an atmosphere of Maeterlinck, a deliberate doubling of symbols, and many lines that score shrewdly. The whole is nearly but not quite justified in the theatre because it becomes a framework for a poetess's lyric contemplation of young love, its fears and phantoms. A second play, *The Missing Bridegroom* begins as human, all-too-human ("There was I—waiting at the church" is the situation) but it ends as theological symbol. It seems to have been written for performance in church and I think would be happier there than in the theatre. I felt this, like the first play, had a strong literary charm, one thinks of them both in terms of writing for its own sake—experiments, say, in the use of atmosphere as metaphor. It is hard to say how much Miss Ridler and the producer are to blame for a lack of balance. The women's parts are acted better than the men's, but I suspect they are also better written. M. S.

Ruskin Spear, A.R.A., Leicester Galleries

Naturalistic tonal painting is based on the painter's observation of the exact relationship, in terms of darkness and lightness, between the apparent colours of each object or space in the actual scene, and on the preservation, within the more severe limitations of paint, of the same ratio between them. Depending on the precision of the surrounding tones, a circle of broken white paint can appear to shine with the equivalent brightness of a lamp; or a spot of yellow on a canary can create the illusion of its being fifteen feet in front of the pinky grey splodge of a man's face. The method can, of course, become a mere trick for copying the shadow instead of the substance of superficial appearances. This has happened in some of Spear's pictures, mostly those on the far wall. But at his best, when the experience of the subject has been really assimilated, he exploits the method's true potentialities; by his careful placing of the lights which fall on a lathered face, a pint glass, a mirror, or twinkle from a building across the river, he implies the dramatic spatial construction of the whole scene, which is otherwise hidden in heavy hanging mist or shadow; and at the same time, because he relies on realistic accuracy of tone rather than detail, he is able to use swift gestures of paint and treat the surface of the picture almost abstractedly. Thus, in two excellent paintings of Mr. Hollingberry's Canary in a cage above the bar, he has created a complete world and has made its familiar, commonplace elements strange, new and provocative. Spear is not always an original artist—but he is a born straight painter. J. B.

The A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street

In this interim period between private and public patronage, the ordinary person has to enjoy his art on a Thursday afternoon or a Saturday morning with a catalogue in his hand; yet there is a great difference between staring at a picture and living with it. The Picture Hiring Library, started by the Artists' International Association, is therefore important. Private individuals or municipal and commercial bodies can hire either single pictures or a whole exhibition, at the moderate price of seven and six per picture per month. The present show offers a wide choice of a fairly high standard. The best paintings are by Brian Robb, some figures sun-trapped into semi-abstractions on a beach; Pat Carpenter, city children in an asphalt play-ground; and the late Bernard Meninsky, two indestructible classic lovers. Downstairs there are some etchings and monotypes of jazz players by Russell Quay. They are intricate, decorative pictures with an undertone of loneliness which is, I think, appropriate to the music. Occasionally the shapes lack strength, as if they had been spilt rather than wrought. In the far room are some drawings by Olga Martin, whose titles give some idea of the curious dreams from which they emanate "Foolish Landmark," "Progress Thief," "Beast with Orange Foot." J. B.

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Correspondence

CLOTHING PRICES

SIR,—Your categorical statement that a year hence retail prices of clothing will be double their present level is typical of the fantastic exaggerations which have encouraged the recent wave of "personal stockpiling." An analysis of the factors involved suggests, on the contrary, that the average rise will be within 20 per cent—perhaps more for some wool garments, but a good deal less for cotton or rayon garments.

These exaggerated impressions are no doubt based on a misunderstanding of the relationship between the price movements of textile raw materials on the one hand and finished clothing on the other. Consider, for example, a man's worsted suit bought to-day for £35 (of which £7 represents Purchase Tax). £2 10s of this represents the cost of raw wool (4lb) at pre-Korea prices; the remainder represents British wages and other costs. A year hence such a suit would incorporate raw wool at present market prices, costing £5; but the remainder of its price would have risen only on account of changes in domestic wages and other costs.

I must confess to an occupational bias against your policy proposals, since traders do not like getting involved in subsidy schemes any more than in rationing schemes. So I will refrain from comment on these proposals, except to point out that the force of your arguments is greatly diminished when your estimate of price increases is suitably deflated.

DONALD BARBER
Retail Distributors' Association.

[The obvious reply to Mr. Barber is "Tell that to the tailors!"—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SUBSIDIES AND NEEDS

SIR,—Your article advocating the subsidising of utility clothing prompts me to suggest that it is surely time we began to use our limited financial resources in a more discriminating way to assist those whose need is greatest. The objection to subsidies, whether of food or clothes, is that they give equal benefit to everyone, including many who are well able to afford the full market price. Instead of enabling such people to buy clothes cheaply it would surely be better, in the interests of social justice, to assist those who suffer most from rising living costs, i.e., people living on National Insurance benefits and families with children. In fact, a substantial cut in food subsidies for the purpose of increasing old Age Pensions and Children's Allowances, and extending the latter to the first child, seems entirely justified at the present time. As only the unmarried or childless would be adversely affected, it is unlikely that such a policy would produce any strong pressure for wage increases; and the administrative expense of further rationing would be avoided.

Crossways, Addington, Croydon. E. T. MEREDITH

WAGES AND INFLATION

SIR,—As a wife of a working man who has had over thirty years' experience on the Railways, yet still earns three pounds a week less than "sweepers up" in local factories, I was most interested in the letters which have appeared in your journal defending the distribution of increased dividends and bonus shares, but condoning the policy of opposing any demands made for increases in wages.

Recently I ordered a house gadget from a well-known firm of manufacturers, and when it was delivered I was informed that the price had increased by about 10 per cent., the argument being put forward that this was due to increased wage costs, etc. Imagine my surprise that morning when I read that this company had paid out a dividend of 60 per cent., a considerable increase above that paid out two years ago.

Now, Sir, you can bring along all your professors in economics, no one is going to convince me that the few extra shillings I may be able to spend next week at the village shop on biscuits and fruit will lead to inflation, whilst the Persian carpet my neighbour has been able to buy with these increased dividends she has received will have a steadying effect in our national economy. A BERKSHIRE HOUSEWIFE

PAPER FOR BOOKS

SIR,—The newsprint shortage is receiving constant publicity, and is in fact brought to our notice with a jerk every morning and evening; but it is not commonly realised what revolutionary changes have recently occurred in book-publishing. The book shops are comparatively full; many new books are appearing; and, so the average reader assumes, nothing can be very wrong. The appearances are delusive.

About six months ago paper for books suddenly, and almost without warning, disappeared. The causes are known. Heavy purchases by America in Scandinavia, difficulties with esparto grass imported from North Africa, and Defence needs are among them; but this sudden famine caught most people unawares. If it continues, it will mean the disappearance of all the smaller publishing firms, on whom a large proportion of the more enterprising kind of book publishing depends. The damage caused not only to these smaller units but to authors, and ultimately to the cultural life of the country will be very substantial, and delay in the re-introduction of rationing will only make the damage irreparable.

It is strange to reflect that a Government which professes to be so passionately interested in education and a healthy intellectual life should allow its most important vehicle, book publishing, to be virtually controlled by a small group of paper suppliers operating a monopoly. Surely, if there ever was a case for fair shares for all legitimate users, this is it. Pious but meaningless annunciation of priorities will not achieve this. PAUL ELEK

Paul Elek Publishers Ltd., 38 Hatton Garden, E.C.1. *Managing Director.*

DR. REICH

SIR,—In his review of Dr. Reich's book, *Character Analysis*, A. D. Harris shows, in common with other critics, a lack of understanding of the development and intrinsic nature of what he discusses, which should have, one would think, debarred him from writing the review.

Dr. Reich is an extremely sincere, honest, brilliant and brave genius to all the many doctors and other distinguished persons who have worked with him and understood his approach. The widespread hatred towards him from others springs from the attitude often shown in the past towards men of similar calibre. Those who hate him do not mention his and his co-workers' astonishing successes in relieving human suffering and misery, both on a social and clinical level, and on a basis of general validity giving vast opportunities, nor his outstanding contribution to bio-physics. Dr. Reich's method, the functional approach to all aspects of life, which gives a splendid unity to all his many books, is in itself a great achievement. It is the key to an understanding of the sequence and the intrinsic nature of his work. As most doctors and scientists are unable to break away from the traditional analytical approach even for a moment, they cannot follow him.

9 Hampstead Road, Liverpool, 6. PAUL AND JEAN RITTER

"AS A SOCIALIST SEES IT"

SIR,—In his book *Eastern Europe between the Wars*, published in 1945, (page 113) Mr. Seton-Watson wrote: "The Russian and Ukrainian peasants who, we were told, 'groaned beneath the tyranny of the Kolhoz,' and who 'had no stake in the land and therefore could have no patriotism for the Bolshevik regime,' not only fought bravely in the Russian army but, in the occupied provinces, where the German invaders asked nothing better than to be regarded as their deliverers from Kolhoz tyranny, formed themselves into guerrilla bands to fight in the woods at risk of horrible reprisals and in conditions of indescribable hardship. The ignorant observer is left with the impression that life on these Kolhozy must have been something worth fighting for."

In his letter in a recent issue Mr. Seton-Watson talks of bringing nearer the hour of liberation of the long-martyred people of Russia. What is the evidence which now leads him to believe that the Russian people want to be liberated? And how is this liberation to be achieved? If by outside intervention, is it not conceivable that they would fight just as courageously against the Western liberators as they did against the German invader? MARGARET MILLAR

44 Grove End Road, N.W.8.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

SIR,—I have been asked by Miss Norma Millay to collect and edit a volume of the letters of her sister, the American poet, Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950).

The late Miss Millay—whose poems were first published in England in the columns of the *Nation* in 1920—had lived and travelled in Great Britain and had many friends and admirers there. I would be most grateful if any of your readers having had correspondence with her will be kind enough to get in touch with me about it. Any original material sent will be carefully copied and returned by registered post. ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL

38 Union Square, New York 3, N.Y.

LABOUR PACIFISTS

SIR,—The logical outcome of Mr. Murray's letter in your issue March 10 seems to be that no pacifist should become a Labour candidate. That is not party policy and I hope never will be. What is the cause for misgiving in the happening in Bristol West is that the effect of such a ban can be produced.

Mr. Lawrance's convictions were known to the local party and to the National Executive when he was adopted. There was no question of producing views *after* nomination. Even so Mr. Attlee felt obliged to act as he did and was backed by the Elections Sub-Committee.

Now it is quite true that the sending of a letter is purely discretionary, but custom and practice have elevated it into something indispensable. In this case, backed by the National Committee's action, its absence ruined Labour's chances because the impression was created that Mr. Lawrance did not represent the Labour Party.

We now find ourselves in the position that constituency parties had better not select pacifist candidates because the "higher ups" do not like it.

It is no comfort to be told that "the seat would not have been won in any case." To know that we were expendable makes the matter worse. What would have happened if we were defending the seat one wonders?

On practicable grounds it is hard enough fighting divisions like Bristol West. To have doubts about the unity of the faith does not make it easier.

Bristol, 8. J. H. RADNEDGE

WORLD PEACE

SIR,—Critic was kind enough to mention last week the formation of a new organisation, to be called The Association for World Peace, with Canon Raven as Vice-chairman, Mr. Leslie Hale, M.P., as Honorary Treasurer, myself as Chairman, and with a distinguished Advisory Committee.

We are in most urgent need of unpaid voluntary assistance, for addressing envelopes, inserting, etc. Will anyone who is willing to help please write at once to Mrs. Esther Muirhead, at "The Association for World Peace, 144, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1," or telephone her (Terminus 3977 or 5570)?

VICTOR GOLLANCZ

NATIONAL PEACE COUNCIL

SIR,—As Chairman of the National Peace Council Executive, I appreciate the reference to our actions in London Diary (March 10) and Critic's admirable appraisal of our function, but I am somewhat disappointed with two parts of his commentary. First, to apply the epithet "crank" to those of our forty-eight societies, the activities of which are either unfamiliar or uncongenial to him, is surely to betray that creed of social and political tolerance which your columns so ably champion.

Secondly, the Central Hall meeting on "Negotiate with Russia" was arranged by the National Peace Council six weeks before Mr. Gollancz circulated his excellent and now well-known letter calling for post-card replies.

I am sure you will wish to correct these two misconceptions which have crept into Critic's remarks.

JAMES L. HENDERSON, *Chairman*
National Peace Council,
144 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

[Critic writes "What, no cranks among 48 voluntary societies! This is to strain credulity."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

G.B.S. IN MOSCOW

SIR,—The article on "G.B.S. in Moscow" by Caterina Andrassy, in your issue of March 3, reminds me of an experience at Bolshevo, a small town near Moscow, in 1936.

It will be remembered that in the early days of Bolshevik Russia, a great problem for the new State had been the wandering hordes of wild children who had become a menace. They had at last been rounded up and placed under control in penal settlements. One of the earliest of these prisons was named Bolshevo. It had evolved by the time I visited it into a pleasant town of 12,000 inhabitants, with parks, flats, factories, restaurants and schools. I visited the chief school and was astonished to see on one of the walls a large painting of two persons whom I at once recognized—G.B.S. and Lady Astor. I knew that in the early thirties they had been members of a small party that had visited Soviet Russia, a party which had included Lord and Lady Astor, Lord Lothian and G.B.S.

When I returned to London I wrote to Bernard Shaw to tell him about this. Here is his reply on one of his characteristic post cards.

2 Whitehall Court.

At Bolshevo, Lady A. and I consoled the boy criminals with such tales of our youthful pilferings that their self-respect was completely restored. The snag in the place is that the criminals will not leave at the expiration of their sentences which is just as it should be. G. B. S.

Reform Club. F. L. WHELEN

MOUNTAINEERING

SIR,—Young men and women are turning in increasing numbers to the hills and mountains for recreation. Many are experiencing the joys of climbing for the first time. Some are deterred however, by lack of knowledge from taking part in this great sport and others who attempt it run into danger through ignorance.

The Mountaineering Association exists to help these people and at its training courses teaches basic mountaincraft, beginning with the complete novice.

Our ultimate aim is to build permanent schools of training in this country and abroad; meanwhile courses are held at many British and Alpine climbing centres. All our training facilities are non-profit making and details of these may be obtained from the Secretary of the Association, 1 Kildare Gardens, London, W.2. RUSSELL

(Earl Russell) President.

THE OXFORD UNION

SIR,—I am writing a history of the Oxford Union Society, and would be grateful if any of your readers who have documentary or personal information relating to this subject would communicate with me.

GODFREY SMITH
(President, Michaelmas 1950)

SHORT STORIES

SIR,—We hope to edit for publication some time in 1952 a collection of short stories by writers under twenty-five. We therefore invite contributions, which should be typed and should reach Miss M. Grieve at 6 Dorset Drive, Edgware, Middlesex, by June 1, 1951. No MSS can be returned unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. M. HALTRECHT

6 Dorset Drive, Edgware, Middlesex. M. MARINKER
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HUTCHINSON

Spring Books Supplement

A MEMORY OF ANDRÉ GIDE

It is difficult, when a dear and honoured friend departs, to set down one's recollections of him, as I have been asked to do here. Some are too trivial, some too intimate. And yet one would wish to convey to others less fortunate than oneself some impressions, however insufficiently remembered, however faultily expressed, of the impact of his living personality on one at least of his friends and contemporaries. "Go to his books," we should say, "read his journals. There you will find what no words that are not his own can give you." But in the end the impulse to write overcomes all objections, well-founded as we know them to be, and we give way.

In the July of 1918 we were able to go to England for the first time since 1914. My mother had taken a house for the summer at Cambridge, and we all went to stay in that hospitable shelter, where brothers and sisters and friends, old and young, met and mingled in a changing flow of happy intercourse. It was there we first met André Gide. One of our best friends, Auguste Bréal, who had been at the École Alsacienne with Gide and knew him well, told us he was going to Cambridge, and that we must get acquainted with each other. We knew of him, of course, by repute. I had read the *Nourritures Terrestres*, recommended by Bréal, at a time when my heart and brain were otherwise occupied, and they had failed to touch me. A very short time before arriving at Cambridge I had read, too, *La Porte Étroite*, which could not fail to touch any heart and brain, sensitive to style and emotion, and I had realised to some extent that here was someone exceptional.

Gide was staying at Grantchester and my mother invited him to lunch. He came, dressed in black, elegant and courteous, prim and Puritanical; all "Pasteur Protestant" with no trace discernible of the "naughty schoolboy." He asked us whether we could recommend him a teacher of English, and I offered my services, which, somewhat to my astonishment, he accepted. And next morning, sure enough, he bicycled over from Grantchester, arriving at eleven o'clock for the first of our many English lessons, always punctual, always faithful, with the allotted task I had set him carefully performed. He had already read a considerable amount of English and liked learning poetry by heart. I asked him to repeat the last lines he had learnt. He began:

> Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

By the time he had finished reciting the magnificent lines I knew that I was in the presence of a great spirit and a great intelligence. I did not realise then that Marlowe's *Faustus* was an allegory, so to speak, a *résumé* of Gide's whole life—the scene of the eternal struggle, the eternal attraction of Heaven and Hell in the human soul.

So, for an hour, we read English poetry and English prose together in a desultory fashion. But afterwards he stayed on for another hour or so talking French. That was *my* lesson. "Who was the best writer of the day"? I asked. "Paul Valéry, without any doubt," he answered; but that was at a time when very few people had ever heard of Valéry. He told me stories of his childhood and quoted Monsieur Jourdain, "*Oh, mes père et mère, que je vous veux du mal!*" for they had prevented him from learning English, so as to have a private language, which he, as a child, would not understand. He talked of translation and of its enormous importance in the learning of one's own language. If he were a dictator, he said, he would enact a law obliging every would-be writer to make at least one translation. He himself had translated Conrad's *Typhoon*, Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, and was now engaged on *Antony and Cleopatra*. He presented me with a volume of the second edition of *Les Nourritures*, consisting of only 300 copies. "Perhaps not my best book," he said, "*mais sans doute le plus personnel*." Then one day he discovered a hedgehog in the garden. That was a great excitement. He tried to save its life by cleaning it of its vermin. Perhaps he succeeded, for it disappeared as mysteriously as it had come. He had a few English friends. Conrad—if we may count him as English—he was particularly attached to. One week-end he spent with us at Lady Ottoline Morell's, and it was at Oxford that he bought the wide-brimmed brown felt hat that became so famous later on in Paris. It was at Lady Ottoline's that he and Aldous Huxley met for the first time—maybe for the last—for they didn't get on. Aldous is reported to have said of him that he was "*un faux grand écrivain*." The following year, Gide came again to England and we became more intimate. He talked to me of the books he was writing—*La Symphonie Pastorale*, *Si le Grain ne Meurt*, and even of *Corydon*. It was then that he told me of his great grief when his best friend, Henri Ghéon, had turned Roman Catholic and friendship was no longer possible between them. After that it was not in England that we met, but often in Paris, on our way from or to the Riviera. He would give us a choice meal at a good restaurant and take us to a play or a cinema. But he greatly preferred the cinema, and would seldom sit a play out to the end, finding some excuse for making off when it was too much for his nerves.

But it was in our own house at Roquebrune that we saw him most familiarly. He came there often, generally on his way to or from somewhere else, nearly always arriving and departing unexpectedly. It was like trying to catch a butterfly, I thought. Better not to try. The creature was far more beautiful when it was flying freely and capriciously. But how delightful his visits were! What gaiety, what charm were his! What an interest he took in Simon's pictures, in my English books, in our little girl! He enjoyed bringing his friends to see us. "Yes," he said, "being a go-between is one of my chief pleasures." Lasting friendships with Jean Schlumberger and Roger Martin du Gard we owe to him. He brought Charlie du Bos to see us, whom he called "*le rossignol de la conversation*," and Charlie remained a friend of mine all his life, in spite of their later estrangement. Cocteau never became a friend, but Gide brought him to lunch with us one day. No nightingale he, but a wise thrush, who sang each song twice over.

The diversity and range of his interests, though each was seemingly exclusive of every other, were amazing. Music! Hours and hours spent practising the piano every day for years, with the single desire of understanding it—and perhaps of teaching it. Gardening! He showed me once the great kitchen garden at Cuverville, where he had struggled in vain for long years against bleak winds, an ungrateful soil and poisonous sea-mists, to cultivate rare blooms and delicious fruits. "Look!" he said, "nothing now but potatoes, onions and apples." And then with a sigh, "After all, perhaps it is better so." Reading!—With what an intensity of absorption! Reading, as he spirited across the main thoroughfares of Paris, oblivious of the traffic, guided by some subconscious instinct. Reading, but not superficially. Reading, but so profoundly that some of his finest work is his criticism. Travel! But in travelling it was the desert he loved. Venice and Constantinople and Egyptian architecture were, like Chateaubriand, Beethoven, *King Lear* and "Hugo, *hélas!*"—too grandiose. Writing! I have said nothing of his writing, though, after all, that was his main occupation, his pre-eminent care. How with all these conflicts in his mind, did he manage to preserve his own integrity, his own singularity? Once I showed him four lines I had come across. He smiled and nodded approval:

> "Your rule of life, wise Proteus, I would know."
> "Hold fast then, friend, to get the truth from me."
> Wolf, lamb, he turned, steel, rubber, fire, snow.
> At last the answer came—'Twas "Constancy!"

It was in the Twenties, when the power of his personality and the magic of his style were beginning to make themselves felt, that there broke over him a storm of obloquy. The age-long, familiar accusation of "Corrupter of youth!" was hurled at him, and, like Goethe, he was made responsible by angry elders for any hysterical young man's suicide. But he outlived it. To his own astonishment, and perhaps regret, he died loaded with honours, admiration and gratitude, which were never bought by any recantation, and he would say proudly that he never would disown any words of his.

DOROTHY BUSSY

WEST AND EAST

English Drawings at Windsor Castle. By A. P. Oppé. *Phaidon.* 50s.

The Art of India and Pakistan. Edited by Sir Leigh Ashton. *Faber.* £4 14s 6d

It seems natural enough that of the collections of pictures and drawings formed by European monarchs only the British should remain undisturbed in the possession of a ruling house. It is even more natural and characteristic that among the royal drawings at Windsor only one great school should be quite inadequately represented, that of Britain itself. The British artists as many of them found to their cost, were not Old Masters; indeed they hardly gained the status until American collectors gave it to them fifty years ago. A collector of drawings strays from paths beaten by the virtuosi, in the eighteenth century as to-day, only out of private enthusiasm. One member of the Royal Family, Queen Charlotte, had a genuine love of English art, but her collection, including twenty-two drawings by Gainsborough, was sold. George III's acquisitions were chiefly geographical, made evidently out of a confused notion of the kind of matter with which a monarch should concern himself. And on his death a miscellaneous and rather rubbishy accumulation of engravings, drawings and obsolete charts still contained in their official folders marked "Secret" went to the British Museum as "The King's Maps." George IV had more varied tastes in English drawing; he concerned himself in the first place largely with items noted in the invoices as "curious." Mr. Oppé explains that the word had not yet received its special meaning, but later purchases were none the less often of the kind described as "gay" and in 1830 the librarians agreed to destroy "several drawers of *Free* prints and drawings the property of His Late Majesty." History, in fact, has conspired to ensure that this collection, without very much artistic interest, should retain very little of any other. What is left is largely the respectable debris of royal amateurism, pale reflections of the family life of monarchs, their official and their private faces, their hobbies and their diversions.

The collection is however lightened by a few drawings of quality. The gay and the curious are best represented by Rowlandson and Hogarth; Mr. Oppé has written well of them both elsewhere. The finest of the amateurs, the fourth Earl of Aylesford, is a very good landscape draftsman in the Dutch taste. The professionalism of Wilkie was never more refreshing than here; his drawings of George IV's visit to Edinburgh, in which two flunkeys arranging a train might have come out of Goya, recapture precisely the air of the famous occasion. Our knowledge of the mysterious Alexander Marshall whose curiously mannered realism, seen at a recent exhibition of flower books, speaks so little of the English school, is enlarged by the illustration of what Mr. Oppé calls a "large fantastic figure drawing" from the end of his album. In fact the figures, far from being fantastic, are copied from engravings of Rubens, one of them after the *Bearing of the Cross* at Brussels and the other taken more freely from the *Abraham and Melchisedek*, but the mystery is no nearer solution. Zoffany, if the drawings listed here are really his, appears unexpectedly as a decorative artist midway between Thornhill and Etty. Finally, there are some new additions to the Sandby group which have been dealt with in an earlier volume, and among them two of Paul Sandby's occasional and wonderful anticipations of the course of English art, momentary glimpses of the possibilities which awaited Constable and Steer. But the pleasures are few; more often in this catalogue one's feeling is one of regret that Mr. Oppé's subject could not have been his own collection. One salutes the progress of the series, the major achievement of English art scholarship since the war, but it cannot be said that the lack of this particular volume has been greatly felt.

The collaborators in the commemorative catalogue of the Indian exhibition at Burlington House have a happier task and the book is thoroughly worthy of the occasion; the additions to our knowledge are considerable, particularly in the sections devoted to the paintings which were so curiously overlooked in public comments three years ago. Mr. Gray's historical discussion is good enough to deserve even more sumptuous illustration. But there is much to be thankful for, especially, perhaps, the representation of the Kangra school which is barely covered by the available general literature. Mr. Gray follows the explanation of its beauties as a fusion of Mughal and Hindu traits, but here historical determinism surely fails. The Kangra valley, by all accounts, is a country whose landscape leaves its mark, like those of Siena, Suffolk and Provence, on all the painting that it produces; this art has the recognisable genius of a place.

Professor Codrington in his introduction to the sculpture, ranging freely and inconclusively from Donatello to Mr. Clive Bell, starts many more hares than are yet to be caught. The question of the relation between East and West hangs, however, over the whole book, and if painters begin to look seriously at these pictures much more may be heard of it. The British painters who worked in India, shortly dealt with here by Mr. Reynolds, left no impression and received none, but it is by no means clear that the same could be said of such Dutchmen of the previous century as Isaac van Koedyck and the Jesuits of the sixteenth century had already provided access to the art of the Italian and German Renaissance. Christian art was evidently more interesting to the Mughal painters than Christianity itself; one imagines a view analogous to that to which we often tend from the opposite direction, a discovery in the imagery of another continent, a charm owing little to its mythical entanglements. Indeed, it seems that, aside from the prehistoric remains, very little of the sculpture or painting of India can be entirely dissociated from the possibility of influence from the West. Perhaps it is this that makes it so approachable. And it may be that this interpenetration will be fertile again. In the great shift of cultural centres of gravity which often looks as if it might overtake us, it is easy to see how the crumbling relics of Western art and history might appear to the renascent Indian eye, how the grand presumptions of our own renaissance would seem comprehensible and valuable only for the tenuous, brilliant pattern of Oriental influence that it bears, a pattern leading to a single moment of pure gold, those works of Rembrandt in which, just before 1660, Mughal painting bore its shining, unexpected fruit, and followed by nothing but elegance and decay—possible even to imagine circumstances in which such a view might not seem to us altogether false. The nightmare is no sooner raised than banished, yet there is the germ of a lesson in it, and one that can be learnt, better than anywhere, in this splendid book.

Lawrence Gowing

CHEHOV

Chekhov. By Ronald Hingley. *Allen & Unwin.* 21s.

Memories and Portraits. By Ivan Bunin. *Lehmann.* 12s. 6d.

"You must work, you know. You must work without stopping . . . all your life." Bunin quotes these words of Chehov's in his notes for a portrait; Chehov is one of the ants of literature. Bunin's book is a collection of short conversations and encounters with other Russian writers, too: there is a sly, shaggy Tolstoy exasperated with the Tolstoyan teetotallers; there is a revolting picture of Gorki—surely M. Bunin is suffering from political or personal rancour here; his notes, seemingly modelled on Gorki's, are nothing like as good—and a horrible picture of Alexei Tolstoy, the Soviet celebrity, which does not sound unjust. Chehov had always remarked on Alexei Tolstoy's "acting." There are many other pieces of careless café talk.

The Chehov portrait remains the best. It is a collection of fragments: comic changes of opinion, startling fantasies of conversation, the passion for hunting up stories and bizarre details in the newspapers. There is his sudden invitation: "Come at seven in the morning." It is well known that when Chehov died his coffin was mistakenly put in a van labelled Fresh Oysters, and M. Bunin has a note on his death which could equally be the typical end of a Chehov character:

> His death was hastened by a cold. Before leaving Moscow he went to the public steambaths, and after he had taken a bath and got dressed he went out into the street too soon; he met Sergueyenko in the hall and ran away from him, from his obtrusive, pestering talk.
>
> It was the man who for a long time pestered Tolstoy (*How Tolstoy Lives and Works*) and whom Chehov, for his bony, lanky figure, had nicknamed "A funeral cart standing upright."

Mr. Hingley's new *Life* is pedestrian in manner and approach and unilluminating in its criticism, but it is a solidly informative book and contains things that will be new to the English reader. We have been told that "the Chehovian gloom" is mainly an English invention or an English fashion; it certainly marries conveniently with English spleen. His general reputation in Russia, however, was built on his huge output of popular comic stories. When he changed his style he was sometimes attacked for having no moral or political tendency, and indeed he went through an almost suicidal period at the time of his brother's death. But the main feeling in Russia was that he was an optimist. (It is a peculiar delusion that to be pessimistic is not humane.) Soviet critics reluctantly admit that he probably would not have been pleased by the revolution; but they point approvingly to his indignant journey to the convict settlement, and his public activities during epidemics in the South. The fact is that Chehov was a non-political man, humane, practical, generous; he had the integrity of the detached professional class.

Chehov's individualism is more familiar to the West than it can have been in Russia. The grandson of a serf, he had slaved to make himself independent, and although, as Mr. Hingley shows, he was sometimes worried by his failure to be tendencious in any of the fashions of the time and found the doctrine of meaninglessness a burden and knew it for a restricting attitude, he deeply believed in the positive value of truth-telling. He was an artist, and his gift was not for abstract thought; far from withdrawing into fancy and egoism, however, he became—it is now agreed—an extraordinarily faithful, almost literal historian of social life among the middle classes in Russia.

The impression of gloom and hopelessness which English readers used to get from Chehov owes something to history, something to the grey, transparent style, and a great deal to his impersonal manner. There are no characters—in the Western sense—in Chehov; there are only human beings and situations. This is the manner of the classical writers, but without the classical context. A sensation of impersonality can indeed be generally felt in Russian literature; there is a broad humanity but a lack of the highly individualised richness which comes from the huge pressure of tradition in the West. In this sense we feel the humanity of the Russians but, even behind a figure like Tolstoy, a lack of civilisation. After a short enthusiasm for Vienna and Venice Chehov himself was bored by Europe, as all the Russians (except Turgenev) had been. Chehov went to the length of thinking the Russian trains better!

Chehov began as a facile, comic, facetious writer earning his bread and keeping his father, his mother, his whole family. For a great many years he wrote two or three sketches or light articles every week. He even wrote columns of fatuous jokes. He resembles the early Chaplin. He spent his time clowning with his friends. There is a description of him entertaining his family in the crowded room and then, suddenly, he closes his eyes and goes dead. The family

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knows he is thinking out a story. He thinks it out to the end in the family uproar, dashes it off without correction. If it sticks somewhere he throws it away. No good throwing good money after bad. Some of it—now retrieved by Soviet critics—was popular political satire. Suvorin, the rich, shrewd conservative magazine owner saw that Chehov's work, even on this low level, was of excellent craftsmanship and that it developed. He made him reduce his writing to a handful of stories per year, and this was his salvation. He now spent months instead of days in writing a single story.

How was it possible for the facetious Chehovite to become the Chehov of *The Darling* or *Ward 6*? One answer is that the comic writers are often repressed poets. Then, he had vitality, a cool temperament; under the high spirits there was a reserve which no one ever saw into; the strain of impersonality left him untouched by what he wrote. He did not work, he said, in a famous phrase until he was as cold as ice. He was a dedicated craftsman. Most important of all—unlike Western writers, he had no temptation to write for the middling public whose mixed standards are more fatal to literature than the frank vulgarities and coarseness of the lowest kind. A middle public did not exist. Chehov himself said that if he could write a tale like Lermontov's *Tamar* "and perhaps a vaudeville," he would die in peace.

One misses in Mr. Hingley's useful book some more sensitive examination of Chehov's art; what Chehov believed or did not believe, whether he had this kind of conscience or that, is not very important. He was a poet not a believer, a water-colourist not a poster-painter. It was odd that a figure so isolated from the tendenciousness of his time should have appeared. He must have lived more completely in his work than any contemporary: it was perhaps the only certain balm to the wounds of the fierce poverty, starving and cruelty of his childhood. V. S. PRITCHETT

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TRAVELLERS AND ARTISTS

Brown Men and Red Sand. By CHARLES P. MOUNTFORD. *Phoenix House*. 18*s*.
Journey to Yesterday. By SILVIA BAKER. *Peter Davies*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
Journey to Persia. By ROBERT PAYNE. *Heinemann*. 15*s*.

Few parts of the world to-day retain any mystery, and those the least welcoming: the range of discovery is limited to the remaining pockets of intractable jungle and desert and polar ice. In *Brown Men and Red Sand* Charles P. Mountford relates how he travelled into a region traditionally considered the most unrewarding: the Central Australian Desert. His six previous anthropological expeditions had convinced him that if he could penetrate to the arid heart of the aborigines' country he would find a people whose culture was the simplest in the world. He reached his destination, confirmed his theory; but the Stone Age society he describes appears less remarkable for its simplicity than its enlightenment.

I am not qualified to assess the scientific importance of this work or to say how far its material is new or controversial. Nor, evidently, is it intended for anthropologists, who may well prefer to consult the author's contributions to scientific journals. But it is unquestionably of interest to the general reader, who will find a fascinating account of the aborigines and their environment written with knowledge, sensibility and exceptional human understanding.

With one European companion and a string of camels the author entered that wilderness of rock and stone which has earned itself the name of "the land that God forgot," lived intimately with those people who, without clothes, agriculture or permanent dwellings, have been termed "the lowest type of humanity." But appreciation of any race and its environment is dependent on a knowledge of its myths, and the myths of the aborigines transform such popular conceptions. From these people who naturally express themselves in art, and when given paper and crayon begin, automatically and logically, with the creation of the world, the author learned the origin and significance of every hill, rock, gully and pool of the districts he visited. The aborigines believe that every natural feature of the landscape was formed in the "Dreaming Times" of the world by their archetypal ancestors, giant creatures, semi-human, semi-animal, sometimes baneful, like the dreaded Ice Men, but usually, if mischievous, benign. So the formidable rock formations, Mount Conner, Ayers Rock, Katatjuta, where the author made his camps, became almost homely when he knew that their precipices and columns, chasms and caves were the work of the endearing little Lizard Tatiya, the little Night Owl, the "Mice women," "Sleepy-lizard women" and Marsupial Rats and Moles.

The desert, too, which has killed so many heroic white explorers, became less menacing in the company of its inhabitants, who, in spite of their supposed low intelligence, contrive to avoid thirst by the simple method of burying themselves to the neck during the day, and equipped with only five simple tools, are strangers to famine and even undernourishment. Moreover, believing themselves to be the creators of life they rely on their ability to increase food and rain by sympathetic magic. When the author's expedition was endangered by water-shortage they obligingly performed the rain-making ceremony: the rain duly came, although out of season.

Charles P. Mountford makes no exaggerated claims for the aborigines' way of life; yet the reader can hardly fail to share his respect for a people who in one of the least productive regions of the world organise their society on a basis of primitive communism without conflict or even rivalry. Nor can he fail to be impressed when he learns that their chief concern, apart from the acquisition and distribution of food, is art. The art of the aborigines may be purely decorative, as the author claims for the modern cave paintings of Ayers Rock, but more often it is associated with their practical and spiritual needs, in the rain and food "increase" ceremonies, the burial rites and, above all, the initiation ceremonies. His description of these intricate and accomplished performances strikingly completes his survey of a well-integrated society.

Silvia Baker is the extreme opposite type of traveller; not a discoverer but a taker-in of impressions, subjective, capricious, wilfully ingenuous. Her publisher, she remarks disarmingly (she invariably disarms), warned her that Tahiti was overwritten; but the warning was inapplicable, for she neither observes nor reports in clichés. Alien cultures do not profoundly interest her; history, politics, sociology even less. In compensation she has the abnormally acute eye of an artist, for nature—flowers, fruit, coral formations, sky effects—rather than scenery, and for the physique and expressions of her models whose line-portraits agreeably illustrate her book. Even more remarkable is her pin-point appreciation of idiom, anecdote, the eccentricities of human behaviour. Hers is the sharp brilliant world of a miniature, and if one occasionally feels claustrophobia, wishes that her curiosity extended beyond hotel gardens (she hates walking and ignores the whole interior of Tahiti), and the chatter of her numerous acquaintances, one is bound to admit that with her flair for selection she gives as significant an impression of the island as many more conscientious travellers. We can savour Tahiti in such details as the hotel notice: "*Monsieurs les voyageurs sont priés de ne pas jouer avec les domestiques*"; the infant native girl painting her toe nails with the author's lipstick and singing "*Au clair de la lune*"; the dying bladder fish with "the large brown eyes and soft-lipped mouth of a child"; the dazzling tree flowers blown to the ground in a midnight cyclone.

Tahiti, with its human oddities and jewel-like flora and fauna, is ideally suited to her precise and limited sensibility; she is less successful in her accounts of Cyprus and Spain which are squeezed as rather ambitious after-thoughts into the latter chapters of the book.

While Silvia Baker charms by surprises, Robert Payne appeals by his realisation of the expected. *Journey to Persia* presents to the reader everything he might hope to find in that country: mosques blazing green and gold and blue against bluer skies, voluptuous dancing girls, arrogant tribesmen, a princess beautiful as Nefertiti, cataracts of roses at Shiraz, ruined Persepolis haunted and heroic by moonlight, Isfahan delicate and glittering in the sun. The picture is valid, but one-sided. Another traveller might have been as much impressed by feudal extortion, poverty, malaria, tribal anarchy, fear of foreign intervention. The author does indeed occasionally glance into these grim contemporary problems in his conversations with Shah and ministers, and at a memorable banquet with the Khan of the nomad Qasgai tribe; but it is the traditional Persia that captivates him. His imaginative reconstructions of the past derive quality from his familiarity with early travellers' tales, and his appreciation of Persian art, which, if romantic rather than discriminating, is distinguished by his awareness of the sources of its inspiration in the colours and forms of the landscape.

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probably laughing somewhere at this moment—were the ballet gestures in which he transfixed those whom he instructed in the niceties of correct prose. The circumstances which have followed his death also have something of the quality of a practical joke. First comes Mr. Robert Gathorne Hardy to perform an autopsy: now comes Mr. John Russell to line the coffin with satin.

But who is laughing at whom? Mr. Russell's preface to these letters is written in such an involved and artificial manner that at moments it seems to me that it must be some kind of a hoax.

> Logan was not one of those for whom displacement is a pleasure in itself. [This first sentence, by the way, is characteristic: it suggests some peculiar kind of humour which went out of fashion long ago—perhaps before it ever came in.] He was, if anything, of a rather vegetative turn. Nor did he travel in order to instruct himself in the realities of contemporary life. What he wanted was something very different: the Platonic essence of the past. He liked places that were stained and suffused with the presence of some superior being—for preference, a writer or painter; the more grandiose or sinister moments of History might also be commemorated by a visit, but in general it was a straightforward individual humanism that governed his movements. The self which he promenaded so conscientiously through the streets of Bemerton and Recanati was one which he had quite uprooted from his native soil; no slip or sliver of loyalty bound him to the frame houses of Millville and Germantown; and the impact of England, France and Italy was neither dulled nor heightened by the thought of his American childhood.

And so on. It will be seen that if Mr. Russell can make a negative statement in preference to a positive one he always does so. In 160 words he says that Logan only travelled because he liked going to places where artists had left traces of their work and influence, or which were of historic interest; adding that in going to these places he was not influenced by attitudes derived from his American childhood; an assertion of dubious psychological value which I find it difficult to accept.

After reading several pages of the Introduction I tried to weigh Mr. Russell's negative statements against his positive ones. The negatives outweighed the positives, of course, but I added up the sum and came to the following approximate conclusion: Logan did not care for sex, which is not referred to in his letters, though occasionally he chuckled over the scabrous reportage of friends; he did not care for music; he did not care for painting; he did not care for any kind of intensive living, except vicariously through his friends; it is doubtful how much he really cared for his friends since, on those whom he chose as his literary disciples, he made irreconcilable demands that they should be completely dependent on him and at the same time remain independent. He had a passion for correctitude in the writing of English; an excellent thing, except that his disciples often confused it with artificiality. On the evidence with which Mr. Russell provides us, it seems impossible to agree with him that Logan "embodied in himself the attitude of mind which was elevated, in *The Ambassadors*, to the loftiest plan of art." James goes out of his way to underline in his Preface that the essence of *The Ambassadors* is Lambert Strether's outburst to little Bilham: "Live all you can; it's a mistake not to. It doesn't much matter what you do in particular so long as you have your life." The moral of the gospels which his disciples have given us is that Logan didn't have his life. The Paris which Strether discovered was not that of Logan Pearsall Smith.

Mr. Russell treats *Trivia* as an accepted masterpiece, and those who do not share this view, are relegated to the unappreciative rubbish heap which includes Mrs. Sidney Webb, Henry James, and George Santayana. But surely, to anyone who is not an admirer, the spectacle of Logan Pearsall Smith polishing and repolishing these little jewels of self-denigration is painful? Never was any writer so serious about not taking his own personality seriously. "I don't want respect. Treat me with affectionate derision," Russell quotes Logan as saying. But finally this lack of self-respect becomes a kind of sniggering derision at life.

The best pages of this curious Introduction are those at the end, where Mr. Russell gives us a little pen-portrait of Logan Pearsall Smith, which is concise and memorable, and some fragments of his conversation. The affectations suddenly drop, and he writes simply and with feeling. Perhaps Mr. Russell writes best when he forgets Logan's injunctions. Chehov's advice to writers was never to take advice.

The letters themselves are delightfully refreshing, though not very remarkable. They are in no way portentous, and they often contain beautifully evocative passages. There are some amusing stories. There are crotchety opinions, and impressive lists of books which Pearsall Smith is reading, acute asides on writers, and a general air of reverence for good writing which deserves, in turn, to be revered. Perhaps the misfortune of Logan Pearsall Smith was to overimpress his disciples, who insist on setting him up before us as a great stuffed auk, into which, while overtly singing its praises, they stick their pins.

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JONATHAN CAPE

LONDON

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London: The City. By CLAUD GOULDING. *Hale.* 15s.

Almost the most remarkable object in the world is that congregation of human dwellings assembled near an old river-crossing in south-east England. It would seem to be something about which an endless variety of books might be written; and yet there are not many good books on London. It is absurd to suggest that the subject is written out, but how sadly often one opens some new book to find that it is hardly a new book at all; here are the same anecdotes, the same literary allusions—Dickens, Sherlock Holmes, "In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay . . . ," "*Si Monumentum Requiris* . . . ," Johnson, Lamb, vanished music-halls. The ground still produces crops, but they are *wersh*, they taste of nothing, and many of these acres would be the better of a long fallowing.

But, though much of Ivor Brown's material is familiar enough, his likes and dislikes, his choice of midwinter recreation, gives his book individuality. He likes Rugby football at Twickenham, snooker in a dark snug, the Boat Race on domestic television. He hates hockey. He likes (at least he goes to) Southend in deep out-of-season; Highgate, where Karl Marx lies under a "flat job"; and Clerkenwell, whence London's first piped water came. He muses on Dickens in the Borough, Shakespeare on Bankside, and Raleigh on Tower Hill. *Winter in London* is easy and agreeable to read; a series of pleasant essays suggesting that we follow the author's example and stroll about our town.

The second book is very different. There are not many outstanding books on London, but this is one. Robert Sinclair is anxious that we should have a true portrait of the *genius loci*—a realistic, fair and vivid account of East London, the place and the people—and we have just this. His point of view is proclaimed by his title *East London*, not *East End*, which he thinks offensive because based on "the acceptance of a London divided into two worlds." And yet London eastwards from the City obviously differs from the rest of this vast agglomeration:

> East London was not created nor peopled nor supported by the City on its west. It has got its life from the east. From the west, from the cramped little city that watches on the far side of Aldgate, East London has received nothing but blows, contempt, and sewage.

So Robert Sinclair begins his account of East London by travelling inwards from Essex, arriving from the same direction as the Whitechapel Jews, the Limehouse Chinese, and the earlier immigrants as well—the Huguenot weavers of Bethnal Green, the Flemings, and the Germans, and the other refugees whom the proud city excluded. When, however, our journey reaches Aldgate he turns about and takes us through the eastern town, district by district and century by century and class by class; and here one might make a minor criticism of this book—the arrangement, though logical, is rather intricate and takes a little time to grasp.

He distinguishes five contemporary "cultures" in East London. The old pathetic district of the Victorian slums, now largely derelict; the waterside area; the "Hackney hinterland," which has never had the social taint of Bethnal Green or Whitechapel; the new boroughs across the Lea; and the retreating rural fringe.

Of all that is necessarily omitted it would be unreasonable to complain; the author is so well informed that one always supposes him to omit by intention and not from ignorance. Even so, one may feel a passing regret that there is nothing about the church in Rookwood Road, Clapton, in which on September 9th, 1902 Smyth-Pigott declared "I am that Lord Jesus." Are there many Agapemonites to-day?

It is perhaps easier to write of East London than of the City. Even so, Claude Goulding's book might have had more vitality if it had shown a better balance between past and present. It is mere anecdotal topography; what gives it a certain character of its own is the author's great interest in murders and street fights. Gradually he builds up a strange picture of a wild, dirty, dangerous place where no man's life is safe, but the relation between this savage, wealthy, slum, and the grim decorum of the steel and plate glass City of to-day is never made clear.

The photographs which illustrate East London and the City are good, but the Victorian woodcuts which appear in Claude Goulding's book have little to be said for them as records and only a certain quaintness to recommend them as works of art.

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The editors' comprehensive plan unquestionably forms the most authoritative, and the most imaginative, attempt so far made to open the window on the modern world for children without writing down to them. In their preface outlining the aims of the Encyclopaedia they sensibly avoid reference to any particular age group to which the *Junior* is addressed. But they are firm in their beliefs that, the time and capacity of most children for reading being limited, they will absorb knowledge better if they get it in small quantities; and that they will often take to a reference presentation while rejecting more extended forms. And they have transferred these beliefs to practice by limiting even the longest articles to about 2,000 words; by devoting more than a quarter of the total space to pictures; and by placing more emphasis on the association of groups of subjects than on an alphabetical arrangement, so that at least a sense is given of that highly complex relationship of apparently unrelated facts which often baffles the compiler of reference books, and yet is so vital to a grasp of the world to-day.

The list of contributors to this volume contains names that will stir respect and romance in any age, and it is not confined to individuals. B.O.A.C., the London Library and the National Institute for the Blind are found among them. Railways are especially strongly represented; and the superbly objective hand of Cecil J. Allen is clearly discernible here. The sections on maps are remarkable for their lucid explanation of the problems of slitting, stretching or shrinking involved in projecting the globe on to flat paper. The articles on recent developments in airfaring are models, transferred to writing, of the aircraft engineer's motto "Add less weight and simplicate." And, tangential to the more orthodox themes, there is, as you turn the pages—you parent or other adult—a deep mine of just plain fascinating stuff. The hair-raising potentials of interplanetary travel are soberly discussed; and an unpleasantly penetrative piece on handwriting analysis proves beyond doubt to this reviewer that his calligraphy reveals him to be self-centred, obstinate, and of slow reaction.

It would be ungenerous as well as uncomprehending to pick holes, for the sake of picking, in a work the whole purpose of which is stimulation. The essence of such a work is to be attractive, adventurous and above all widely imaginative. All the more reason, then, whatever age group is in mind, for avoiding such occasional lapses into civil service gobbledygook as: "The London Transport Executive manage the largest co-ordinated road and rail system of urban passenger transport in the world." And it seems academically regrettable to describe the vehicle to which Lord Brougham gave his name as "a one-horse, closed carriage called after a prime minister." Did they not say of that pillar of general opposition that he was *Vaux et praeterea nihil?* Film people, and especially those devoted to documentary and newsreels, will be incensed at the total omission of their medium from a volume in which newspapers, magazines, broadcasting, television and even light-signalling are adequately represented: and the retort that they appear in the *Recreations* volume will incense them further.

But these are details in a book whose editors ought deliberately not to worry overmuch about details if their broader objective is achieved. It was said of a certain French statesman that he knew everything and understood nothing; of a successor, that he knew nothing and understood everything. The new volume of this enterprising series is certainly rich in knowledge; but its success in suggesting the importance of the "why" as well as the "what," of things is, in these times, its greater recommendation. STUART LEGG

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Memoirs of Christianne de Chatou. By PHILIPPE JULLIAN AND MICHAEL SWAN. *Prentice-Anderson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

At what moment, I wonder, did the passionate, larger-than-life prince vanish from history, to be replaced by a discreet, lonely abstraction, whose laughter is always hearty, whose person is always bronzed and fit? If Spanish etiquette, as I suspect, first put royalty into purdah, the exaggerated pretentions of German blood completed their isolation from the life, and the thought of their times. In Charles II, in the Regent Orléans, in George IV the old humanist fires blaze up and die; in the consort of Queen Anne, in a Louis XVI, the modest night-light of the new dispensation already glows with interminable steadiness; the sword, the book of learned studies give place to the silver trowel for the laying of the hospital's foundation-stone.

It becomes moreover increasingly difficult as the nineteenth century advances to distract and amuse royalty, so particular, so remote are the springs of their laughter. The place-seeker vanishes with the patronage; for the first time in history we discern the professional courtier, a character as "dedicated" in his way as any professional singer—the General Greys, the Stamfordhams, the Dighton Probyns, the Knollys.

To this highly specialised trade the Baroness de Stoeckl has belonged for more than half a century. Indeed, in spirit she has probably belonged to it since the cradle, so naturally royal is her eye, her sense of the droll. The daughter of an Irish family living sumptuously in Paris on a fortune got from Mexico, she married in 1892 a Russo-American diplomat, Sacha de Stoeckl, secretary at the Russian Embassy in London. A few years later she and her husband heard the call. With a short and unhappy interlude in the dress-making business, she has followed her vocation ever since.

The company of reigning sovereigns may still bring worldly advantage, the possibility of hobnobbing with the important. But your true courtier is he who can find happiness in a devotion to the obscure, the powerless prince. To this selfless category belonged Baron de Stoeckl. The Grand Duke Michel Mihailovitch was only a distant cousin of the Emperor, a dozen tall Grand Dukes stood between him and the throne; for his morganatic marriage to Countess Torby, he had been deprived of his *apanage*, and banished from Russia. It would have been hard, therefore, at the end of the last century to find a royalty less important or powerful. Yet, when he offered Baron de Stoeckl the post of equerry, it was joyfully accepted.

From the first, Baroness de Stoeckl must have fitted perfectly into the dusty royal machine, 1908 might bring a rumpus with Countess Torby; but another royalty, almost as minor, the Grand Duchess George of Russia, was waiting to snap up the Baroness's services, now grown indispensable to royal comfort. So the Baroness's career continues for the next nine years. If her husband's figure grows dim with the passage of years, from the next generation, in the person of her daughter Zoia, Madame de Stoeckl gains an invaluable ally. Kings and queens, princes and princesses turn increasingly to these two ladies as a refuge against the solitude within them, the growing strangeness of the world without.

The secret of Baroness de Stoeckl's power to command royal affection lay perhaps in the almost royal design of her mind. Throughout her book there is no mention of any artist save Watteau, and that in connection with Lancut, the great Potowski palace in Poland, where, if I remember rightly, there was no Watteau at all, but a possible Fragonard. Then, she has the virtue of laughing exactly at what royalty laugh, of savouring to the point of hysteria the horseplay of situation rather than the quickly-turned phrase. She may conceivably have been put out when the Grand Duke Michel Mihailovitch, during lunch in the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo, purposefully sat in the soufflé, as a "dare" of his own invention. But the royal high spirits are obviously to Baroness de Stoeckl's taste, and she would, I feel, have viewed indulgently the shoving of ice down Lily Langtry's back.

Then there were the gymkhanas for royalty, the first of them given in the Baroness's drawing-room at Claridge's, where Queen Alexandra trying to win the high kick, fell over, and—horror of horrors—a "tortoiseshell comb went straight into the back of her head." So successful was this gymkhana, another was organised to please the new King George V. When it came to the egg-and-spoon race, King George would not give his mother the prize, saying she had cheated.

> Queen Alexandra nearly cried but His Majesty was adamant, so I took her into a corner and pushed a penny whistle into her hand and she was quite comforted. Princess Victoria, during the three-legged race, sprained her ankle and it hurt her for days. It was all so gay and informal . . .

The Russian Revolution might bring need, and the horror of having to work in Mr. Reville's dress shop, where . . . "some of the clients, who did not know who I was, treated me like dirt." But, all came right in the end, and the Baroness returned to the world she knew so well how to comfort.

This book, admirably edited by Mr. George Kinnaird, is infused with such gusto and assurance, any *pastiche* of the same period must seem thin by comparison. The *Memoirs of Christianne de Chatou*, purporting to tell the triumphs and disasters of one of Cléo de Mérode's colleagues and rivals, may raise a smile for five minutes; but it leaves one in the end regretting that the fundamentally simple joke of sex has not yet been exploited, fugue-like—in an adequate number of permutations. SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

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A Selected List of Spring Books

To pick a mere two hundred-odd titles out of the many hundreds announced by the publishers for the Spring and Summer is a difficult, and indeed an invidious, task. Our list is a selection of the kind of books which we feel would be most useful to the particular tastes of our readers. On this occasion we revert to the old practice of making a selection of books not yet published, but promised between now and the end of the summer. Readers should notice that some of the prices given are only approximate. The mounting costs of book production may cause a rise in the price of books before all of those listed are out.

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Do we exaggerate about Lutyens? "The greatest English architect since Wren" is a common estimate; Bernini and Mansart are mentioned in the same breath. But turn to a collection of pictures of Lutyens's work* and what do we see? We see that "the greatest English architect since Wren" made Wren's work his quarry; used Wren's materials, both in the narrow sense of mixing brick and stone and tile as Wren mixed them and in the broader stylistic sense that he borrowed Wren's themes, his provincialisms and even such accidentals as the Anglo-Dutch style of stone and wood carving which prevailed when Wren had occasion for swags, pineapples and *putti*. That Lutyens handled what he called "Wrennaissance" superbly, that he procured materials as fine as Wren's and craftsmanship of unequalled "period" quality, does not prove him Wren's equal. That he used the style in the interpretation of buildings remote in function from those which Wren had to do with; and used it in an age when the whole urge and spirit of European architecture was against the re-cultivation of the styles—these things scarcely assist an analogy in terms of greatness with the giants of the Renaissance and the Baroque:

And yet, and yet . . . It is no use pretending: Lutyens was a giant among architects. He was so by the simple virtue of a faculty extravagantly rare in itself and still more rarely exercised in opportunities of the first magnitude—the faculty of absolute control over architectural form. *Absolute* control; so that any mature work of his is a completely locked-up personal statement, expressed with a logic which overrides all derivation and which, indeed, enables him constantly to tease us by seeming to be "period" *de-luxe* while being only and intrinsically himself.

To-day, all this seems—especially, perhaps, to the young architect brought up to the over simple philosophising of the Modern Movement—rather equivocal. Lutyens happens to have been born in the same year as Frank Lloyd Wright, 1869. Is there not here a devastating contrast between the man who is an innovator, a breaker-down of barriers, and him who simply adapted old styles and infused them with inimitable personal charm? There *is* a contrast. The modern architect, from Le Corbusier downwards, owes much, indeed, to Frank Lloyd Wright and nothing to Lutyens. When Wright, in the early 1900s, was building his "prairie" houses, merging all the space under his great roof into a single, memorable harmony of usable living room, Lutyens was concocting involved and elaborate plans like those of Grey Walls and Marshcourt, in which a few perfect rooms and combinations of rooms are, by sheer ingenuity, exacted out of a building programme whose other items ramble off into the near-chaos of "servants' quarters" and "service wing." A Wright plan takes the eye at once; it is both digested and suggestive. A Lutyens plan has to be unravelled and scrutinised until the complex means are seen to justify the apparent simplicity of the ends. If innovation and successful leadership in the arts are the criteria of greatness, Wright is greater than Lutyens. Lutyens's work is, by any time-criterion, relatively uninteresting; it is acceptable or unacceptable simply in proportion to the pleasure it gives by its ratios, its scale, its modelling, its texture—in short, by the absolutes of the humanist tradition.

Lutyens was a classicist. And nothing in Christopher Hussey's fine biography of him† is more absorbing than the story of how a mind which first apprehended architecture when "feeling" and "handling" were the idle substitutes for thought, grew up to discover the very essence of classical design. What is so remarkable is that the discovery was made alone. Lutyens had practically no architectural education—indeed, in the 'Eighties there was none to be had in England beyond so-called "pupilage" in offices and a little voluntary instruction at evening classes, neither of which contributed anything real to Lutyens's development. He learnt by looking at buildings and, in 1891, began looking at those of Philip Webb. Now Philip Webb was not only not in any conceivable sense a classicist, but a man who had founded himself on Butterfield's innocent faith in good building practice as the foundation of beauty in architecture. His buildings are not easy to look at and Norman Shaw once aptly described him as "a very able man indeed, but with a strong liking for the ugly." Nevertheless, Lutyens must instinctively have seen that Webb possessed something which scarcely anybody else of the time had—an instinctive understanding of proportion. Lutyens had this, too.

The moment when Lutyens turned decisively to a discipline of proportion came with the building of Heathcote, a Yorkshire businessman's house at Ilkley, in 1906. Heathcote is not "Queen Anne," nor "Georgian" of the Norman Shaw school, nor is it Italian except that a theme from one of Sanmichele's Verona gates controls the exterior. The nearest thing to Heathcote in 1906 was Philip Webb's Rownton Grange, Yorks., of 1872-76, a wonderful, donjon-like mass, pierced with sash windows and covered with pan-tiled roofs—a building in no particular style, but with that natural rightness of proportion which Webb could hardly fail to attain. Heathcote has the rusticity, the mason-like qualities of Rownton. It has the same instinct for felicitous ratios. But it has, too, a Doric order:

> That time-worn Doric order—a lovely thing—I have the cheek to adopt it. You can't copy it. To be right you have to take it and design it . . . It means hard labour, hard thinking, over every line and in all three dimensions and in every joint; and no stone can be allowed to slide. If you tackle it in this way, the Order belongs to you, and every stroke, being mentally handled, must become endowed with such poetry and artistry as God has given you. You alter one feature . . . then every other feature has to sympathise and undergo some care and invention. Therefore it is no mean game, nor is it a game you can play light-heartedly.

Thus, in a letter to Herbert Baker, Lutyens describes his delighted entry into the thraldom of the Orders. From that moment, the classic play of inevitabilities obsessed him: here were the rules of the game, to be recreated every time it was played but never, on the least or most trivial occasion, to be disowned. To disown them became a sacrilege, personally revolting, unthinkable, like robbing an altar. Within them, fancy could be free, wit could flash, nonsense could become poetry. Gradually, he evolved an elaborate, wholly personal, method of design by calculation, a method which gave him that supreme confidence which his later buildings reflect. Within this discipline, he could meet Wren on equal terms, not merely because Wren used the Orders—Doric, Ionic, Corinthian—but because he was a mathematician, a designer by calculation. He played the High Game.

Now, playing this game, playing it in the grandest and most difficult way, and persuading, willing, commanding ordinary Englishmen to let him play it, this was almost the whole content of Lutyens's life. Quite early, before he had done Heathcote, he seems to have had something like a presentiment that the biggest things would come to him in the end. His failure (alas! for posterity) to win the County Hall competition of 1908 was a trifling set-back. The commission for St. Jude's, Hampstead, followed at once. In 1912 he was appointed to the Delhi Planning Commission, and in 1913 to design the central buildings, as well as the layout, for the new capital. No bigger opportunity had ever come to an English architect.

Few of us have seen, or are likely to see, New Delhi. In drawings and photographs the atmosphere, the "feel" of the place, the sense of scale, elude one. But what cannot be in doubt is Lutyens's complete technical mastery of a situation in which the massed intelligence of the Beaux Arts tradition might have fallen short—would, indeed, almost infallibly have done so (remember the League of Nations building at Geneva!). The self-taught architect of Marsh Court, Papillon Hall, Folly Farm, produced, in the Viceroy's house, a composition of unimpeachable balance, full of invention and surprise, yet as integral as Versailles; and as irrevocably the symbol of a regime now passed into history.

Edwin Lutyens died on New Year's Day, 1944. The technical journals carried black rules between their columns, as if a sovereign had died, which, in their small world, is exactly what had happened. Then came the question of a memorial. Nobody, one supposes, was so obtuse as to suggest a statue or a tablet; and the conception of a full-length biography, accompanied by a lavish pictorial survey, with working drawings, was right both in sentiment and function—especially so because nearly all Lutyens's best work is inaccessibly private or inaccessibly distant. The result, it must be confessed, is slightly terrifying to the ordinary bibliophile, for Mr. Hussey's 600-page biography is accompanied by three monster folios of drawings and photographs, with descriptive and analytical text. But nothing less, it is evident, would have been remotely adequate.

Mr. Hussey's biography is extraordinarily good. It will be observed, perhaps, to be ever so slightly sententious; but it happens that

* *The Lutyens Memorial Volumes. The Life.* By Christopher Hussey.

† *The Architecture.* (3 vols.). By A. S. G. Butler. *Country Life.* 25 gns.

the metaphors which dance attendance as the scenes change are, more often than not, Lutyens's own, applied with nice propriety by his biographer. Moreover, a dry, ironic, understating biography of this man would, almost certainly, have been a bad one—in any case, an unnatural one to a writer of Mr. Hussey's generation, which knew not the time when Lutyens was not a phenomenon and a legend. It is when the narrative becomes difficult that Mr. Hussey is at his best: the story of New Delhi, historically and psychologically intricate, is wonderfully told and the celebrated quarrel with Sir Herbert Baker is treated candidly and with justice (somewhat overdue on Baker's side) to both parties. Nothing pertinent in the way of correspondence seems to have been withheld: the touching love-story of the obscure young architect and his Lady Emily is as fully documented as the triumphant successes of the master of the Cenotaph. While Mr. A. S. G. Butler, in his three prodigious folios, has performed a mighty feat of discrimination and analysis. Everything has been done that should have been done. The memorial is as illustrious as the memory.

JOHN SUMMERSON

A CLOSED BOOK

This tree, snake-rooted and with arms upraised
To curse or pray; the mad bird overhead
Vociferating to the empty sky;
The river grumbling like a hag in bed—
O had we but the wit to fathom these
Indubitable metamorphoses!

JAMES REEVES

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PITMAN

A GREAT CRITIC

Shaw. By DESMOND MACCARTHY. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Sir Desmond MacCarthy began his career as dramatic critic on *The Speaker* in 1902, and "his great opportunity," as he puts it himself, came with the Vedrenne-Barker season at the Court Theatre, Sloane Square, in 1904, a season which firmly established the position of Shaw as our leading dramatist, as well as introducing (among others) the plays of Galsworthy and Granville Barker himself. The first nine pieces in this selection of brilliant dramatic criticisms—the best, in my opinion, since Shaw's own—are Sir Desmond's notices of the famous first performances of these plays: and these will have a special interest as records for actors and producers. It was as a result of his meeting with Shaw in this connection that Sir Desmond was appointed dramatic critic of THE NEW STATESMAN, which Shaw helped to found (later Sir Desmond became its literary editor as well); most of the other twenty pieces are notices reprinted from this journal, and many of them are reviews of the first production of the particular play.

This point deserves emphasis because the history of criticism reveals all too many cases of density on the part of critics faced with the work of an original genius. Sir Desmond, as a reader of these pieces will at once see, was so far from being dense, was, on the contrary, so lucid and balanced, that his notices, written at the time of the performance, still stand as valid expositions and critiques of Shaw's plays. Neither his temperament nor his training would have encouraged him to become a Shavian himself: he was in any case a decade older than those who came directly under Shaw's influence. But without being a Shavian he yet understood what Shaw was driving at *in his plays* better than many who proclaimed themselves to be so. And this was just because he could see behind what was purely transitory in the effect Shaw made and relate the plays to the great tradition of comedy.

Diving behind the smokescreen of ideas, he goes straight to the residuary interest, the human problem which each play propounds and Shaw's idiosyncratic handling of theme and character. These he sounds and tries out, to be certain that they ring quite true, applying to them the test of his own acute psychological observation. While placing Shaw unquestionably among the great, he is frequently critical of his excesses, even at the beginning: increasingly so, as the years run on and the plays lose touch more and more with formal comedy and become what they were far from being at first, tracts for the times. And here again Sir Desmond MacCarthy was only anticipating the conclusions considered criticism is at last reaching.

Sir Desmond's strength as a dramatic critic consists essentially in his regarding the drama not in isolation; but as one branch, one aspect only, of literature, and of life. The trouble with the theatre is that it is such a monstrous old devourer; it swallows those who work in it or for it, and by swallowing them divorces them from all contact with the realities outside itself. They live an isolated and wholly artificial life in the belly of that enchanted chimaera. Not only actors, producers and playwrights may suffer this anodyne fate, but dramatic critics too. Sir Desmond never succumbed to this temptation: he has always had roots planted in the world of affairs. (His admirable *Portraits* reveal this clearly.) Thus, when he writes of a play, he relates it, in recounting to us the story or the theme, to life as he has known it and to character as he has observed it. And since he has known life at many levels, and has observed it with a sagacity and balance and width of sympathy not always evident in writers, least of all writers on the theatre, his criticisms have a depth, a dimension and range of reference that enlarge our whole conception of the theatre. I hope the publishers will follow this volume with a reprint of his *Drama*, for on the Russians Sir Desmond is particularly perceptive, and actors and producers would find them equally stimulating.

I must not seem to imply by what I have said above any least touch of "literariness" in Sir Desmond's attitude to the theatre. You only had to go to the play with him to see how alive and fresh all the way through his excitement was. He retains always something of the child's animation on going to its first theatre, as he sits on the edge of his seat anticipating the rising of the first curtain, or paces round the foyer between the acts, weighing what has happened, wondering what is to happen, sorting out the possibilities, hunting for clues in dialogue or character to point the way forward. And here, too, one can see in action a really notable generosity. Every play is given the same attention: every play is given every possible benefit of doubt. And if the play itself proves in the end indefensible, something can always be rescued from it, some scene that contains a grain of the true or the fine, or some piece of acting or production that will have redeemed the evening for him.

Of Sir Desmond's gift of style there is less need to speak, since it may still be enjoyed week by week speaking of books in a contemporary. I use the word "speaking" deliberately, for his writing seems to be only an extension of his talking. It is as if in writing of a play he were walking out of the theatre with you immediately after the performance and, having first asked for your opinion, which he listens to with respect, he gives you his own, just as it strikes him there and then. And his performance—it is nothing less—so captivates you that only afterwards may you wonder how it all managed to flow so consecutively, so lucidly and so urbanely, ready-formed, as it were, from this Zeus's head.

T. C. WORSLEY

HARRY S. TRUMAN

The Man of Independence. By JONATHAN DANIELS. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

"Who the hell is Harry Truman?" The question, first asked by one of the lieutenants of the Pendergast machine in Kansas City, was put again and again as the unassuming politician from Missouri climbed slowly up the ladder to the White House. Who was the man the Pendergasts had picked to run for local office in Jackson County and, later, for Senator? Admiral Leahy made the same inquiry on the night in July, 1944, when Mr. Roosevelt told him that Senator Truman would be the Democratic choice for Vice-President And, eight months later, millions outside America were asking the question.

It was, of course, the contrast with the familiar Roosevelt that made the almost unknown Truman seem an odd replacement. Yet it was actually Franklin Roosevelt who was the oddity in American politics, while Harry Truman is pretty well the American norm. In his life, there is much of modern American history. When his people settled as farmers in Missouri, the wagon trains still assembled in his home town of Independence for the trek to the West over the Oregon and Santa Fe Trails; there are family relics of the partisan fighting on the Bloody Border and memories of the Confederate cause. When Mr. Truman was a boy, Populism was sweeping through the corn States, and William Jennings Bryan was the family idol. There were years as a bank clerk and as a farmer; there was a period of interest in mining and oil properties and of enthusiastic membership of the National Guard. At thirty, Harry Truman seemed set for an "average" American's life: men just like him can be found at the street-corner of any small town in America, and you recall the 1948 election wisecrack that he could not be elected because he reminds every woman of her husband.

The pattern seemed even more firmly fixed when the poker-playing captain of Battery D came home from France, married the girl around the corner, and, in partnership with an Army buddy, opened a haberdashery store on Twelfth Street in Kansas City. Here were all the pieces of the Babbitt jigsaw, even the activity in the American Legion and the Masonic Lodge, even the business failure. But, early in 1922, the

pattern broke. Michael J. Pendergast, brother of the Kansas City boss, went to the small businessman who was going broke :

> " How would you like to be county judge ? "
> " I don't know."
> " If you would, you can have it."

The Pendergast machine put Harry Truman into politics (county judge in Missouri is an administrative job) and there he has stayed.

Mr. Truman's relations with the Pendergast organisation seem very odd, and Mr. Daniels does not really manage to clarify them in this fascinating book. There are few things that Harry Truman has resented more than the suggestion that he was no more than Tom Pendergast's office-boy. Yet without the help of the machine, he must have remained a nobody. He knows that, and his loyalty to Pendergast remained, much though the association plagued him in later years, right to the day that the old boss, degenerate, corrupt, and a convicted felon, was buried. The voting frauds in Kansas City have long been notorious, and Mr. Daniels does not deny in this book—written with the President's help and blessing—that Mr. Truman benefited from such frauds. The Pendergast machine was a model of corruption, phoney contracts, vice, and collaboration between criminals and police. But even Mr. Truman's most bitter enemies have failed successfully to smear him with the Pendergast mud. He claims that he did an honest job—Mr. Daniels reviews his career in these years with some care—and that Tom Pendergast never asked him to do anything dishonest. The claim has not been refuted : in contrast to most politicians with a machine background, Mr. Truman has been a man of spectacular probity, with a deep sense of obligation to those who elected him to public office. But he has also had in good measure the machine politician's loyalty to his own organisation. Such sentiments undoubtedly helped him both to stay honest and to stay politically alive.

Mr. Daniels is not the biographer to bore with elaborate detail. Instead, he skips chattily along over the years when Truman was a freshman Senator, widely regarded as no more than Tom Pendergast's voice on Capitol Hill, lingers for a while on the parallel between Mr. Truman's fight for re-election in 1940 and his 1948 campaign, when everyone save the candidate believed the perky little man was licked, and writes up the painstaking work of the Truman Committee which scrutinised war production and expenditure. Strip away the Washington gossip and Mr. Daniels' musings, and the bare facts are there.

Here is, for instance, quite a reasonable account of the intrigues in the Democratic Party which led to the dropping of Henry Wallace and the substitution of Mr. Truman as Roosevelt's last running-mate and, as many then guessed, from the President's failing health, his successor. It is true that Mr. Truman was " acceptable " to the Democrats because few people had much against him, although not many more could say much for him. The city machines liked the idea of a party regular after years of Roosevelt's political mavericks and " damned amateurs " ; the conservative Democrats wanted Wallace out of the way ; the South thought a man from Missouri would be safe on race questions ; and organised labour, failing to get Wallace, was willing to take Truman, who had a good labour and New Deal record, as second best. Part of the Truman story, perhaps it will later seem the most fascinating part, though Mr. Daniels hardly faces the problem, is the way he has managed to hold this coalition together by dealing out a mixture of rough justice and rebukes to its various groups. His method has been different from that of Roosevelt, who was a master at this job because each group needed him more than he needed it, but Mr. Truman has not lacked the touch of the professional politician. The 1948 election proved that. He has had a mind and a policy of his own.

The chief fault of Mr. Daniels' book is that the reader is told much more about the mind than the policy. The phrases are there—the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the Fair Deal—but there is very little assessment of their substance, by which the Age of Truman must stand or fall. It is easier, after this account of a life and a political career so typical that Harry Truman really is John Doe in the White House, to understand the complex structure of American politics, or to grapple with the " grass-roots liberalism " which Americans despair of explaining to European doctrinaires—the liberalism which has much less to do with the concepts of intellectuals than with the need of political machines to respond to the pressure from workers and farmers and small business. Since the Civil War, the task of American parties has been to keep industrial capitalism in power, making it palatable to the people by reforms which remedy its excesses. As Mr. Daniels unconsciously makes clear, Harry Truman's career has been a model essay on this theme. That gives this book its value and importance, for all its repetitions, slap-dash writing, lacunae and puff. I am sure the sketch is life-like : but the studied portrait needs a longer view than that of a Presidential assistant in the White House.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

NEW NOVELS

A Change of Heart. By EMYR HUMPHREYS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Trouble of One House. By BRENDAN GILL. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Mesh. By LUCIE MARCHAL. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Swimming Pool. By ALAN JENKINS. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Youthful disillusionment, or the loss of innocence as it is sometimes called, is a theme that has attracted many modern novelists, youthful novelists in particular; often it has been their first subject, their first literary revenge on life; and not many have refrained from presenting it, with a reproachful look backwards, in tragic terms. Mr. Humphreys is one of the exceptions. In *A Change of Heart*, which, with Dante in mind, Mr. Humphreys calls a comedy, he concerns himself only with the painful benefits of disillusionment—the humiliation of the intellect and the beginnings of charity. And this mature view of the subject is illustrated by a story which begins in gloom, tiptoes past tragedy, and has a happy ending. The composition of this exceptional book, the quality of the writing, its concise wisdom and poetic depth, all confirm the judgments evoked by Mr. Humphreys's two previous novels, that he is the finest English novelist so far of a still youthful generation.

Frank Davies, the character whose heart suffers the change, is a young student at a Welsh University and a talented poet. His family being poor, he has been helped financially by his brother-in-law, Howell Morris, a professor at the same University, who recognises Frank's talent, encourages him, and, in his diffident way, is devoted to him. When, at the beginning of the book, Howell's wife suddenly dies, Frank moves in to Howell's house and occupies his sister's room. Soon afterwards, however, he makes certain discoveries about Howell's married life and the cause of his sister's death, and it becomes intolerable for him to accept help from a man he despises; deciding that he owes more to his integrity than to his art, he leaves the University and goes to work on a farm. Throughout this time Alcuin Philips, the defeated runner-up for Howell's chair and a bitter enemy of his ever since, has cunningly added to the poison in Frank's mind. Philips, a Fascist with an "authentic authoritative Charterhouse accent" (intriguing phrase), is the almost excessively villainous villain of the story; but Frank, conscientiously tolerant of his politics, gives him from the first a young man's worship, and all the more intensely because Howell would disapprove.

Howell, when Frank leaves him, is certain that this is not going to be "that terrible estrangement in which two persons once intimate cease to recognise each other's existence," and he allows time for the poison to drain from Frank's mind and for him to see things with a more understanding eye. The acquisition of this wisdom is the pre-condition of Frank's change of heart and the prelude to it. First he has to accept a new picture of his sister (" How could he know so little of someone he knew so well? "); his ideas about Howell's character and conduct have to be revised; he has to recognise the fallibility and immature simplicity of his own moral judgments :

> How could he see Truth when his own eyes were faulty, distorted, hopelessly out of focus? How could so imperfect an instrument take upon itself the power of judgment, of distributing responsibility, guilt and revenge, justice and punishment?

When these painful processes are completed, leaving him " no longer certain at all what kind of person he wanted to be," he becomes reconciled with Howell.

The plot of this story is intricate and most cleverly wrought. It was Mr. Humphreys' delicate problem to confront his hero with a moral perplexity from which he could not escape simply by apportioning blame elsewhere; and by making Frank himself the innocent unwitting cause of consequences fatal both to his sister and to Howell, and ultimately, through their suffering, injurious to himself as well, Mr. Humphreys hit on a brilliant solution. The setting, also, is perfect. A story dealing, in part at any rate, with the fallibility of human moral judgments could hardly be more suitably located than in a Welsh provincial town, a University town at that; and Mr. Humphreys extracts every advantage from his terrible knowledge. Howell's formidable mother, for instance, widow of the late Principal, is a superb type, superbly drawn, of the Nonconformist self-elected elect, who distinguishes as easily between right and wrong as between right and left.

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Change of Heart and *The Trouble of One House* provide two more) that the exploration of evil is being abandoned in favour of the exploration of goodness, and before the shift becomes general it might be prudent to offer up a prayer that the excesses of the waning mode will not be repeated in the new. Mr. Gill, an American writer, is only just not guilty of excess in *The Trouble of One House*, a first novel of great beauty and terror. On the single scorching June day to which the action of the story is confined Elizabeth Rowan, the victim of an incurable disease, is on her deathbed and dies. We see her living and dead, and we also see the effect of her life and death on those who have been closest to her: the husband who has been unfaithful and who is partly responsible for her death; the nurse who has been his mistress; the doctor who loves her; her three young children; her sister Margaret, as insensitive as Elizabeth is sensitive; two Catholic priests. And on all these people the active love of Elizabeth and her serene acceptance of the best and worst in life have made an indefinable impression. This great goodness of hers is amazingly convincing, the more so because it is not given the support of religious conviction. There are nevertheless fleeting moments when we feel a base sympathy with her husband who, in the past, on one occasion, burst out to her face:

> Everyone tells me how much I am to be envied. But I know this, I know it would be easier living with someone who couldn't love at all than living with you, who never stop loving, who never stop smothering the children and me in love. I know there are times when it is worse than hating to love as you do—times when you're like a growth running wild, eating us, like a sponge swallowing us up, making us yours.

But in fiction, as in reality, selfless love is hard to bear.

The dialogue, including that of the children, is masterly: it penetrates by the oblique method, like Miss Elizabeth Bowen's; it carves through hypocrisy and careless talk, like Miss Compton Burnett's; furthermore, it is chiefly by means of dialogue that Mr. Gill reveals character. The atmosphere in and around the house on this hot day of June, with the children playing in the garden, not comprehending death, is communicated with beautiful clarity; even the pages of the book seem to radiate light. But Mr. Gill is never merely imitative; on the contrary he possesses a talent of remarkable distinction and individuality.

The Mesh, the translation by Virgilia Peterson of a Belgian novel first published in 1948 and much praised since, belongs to the school of fiction that, for some immodest reason, is called "realistic." All the characters except one—who is so vapid as not to count—are horrible, and their motives are painstakingly unpleasant from start to finish. Incestuous hatred in a middle-class Brussels household, which consists of mother, son, daughter, daughter-in-law, daughter-in-law's dog, is the subject. The novel is very brilliantly executed and a sultry intensity is achieved; but it has no connection with art. The feelings aroused by a work of art should not be similar to those aroused by, let us say, a bull-fight.

It is always difficult not to admire the ingenuity, and more especially the patience, with which peripatetic journalists garnish facts with fiction and thread them on a plot. *The Swimming Pool* is an example of fictional reporting of this kind; and of its kind it is very good. A story about an Egyptian assassin linked to a story about a polyglot community who gossip daily beside the swimming pool of a club near Cairo is the vehicle for an interesting description of Cairo and of the atmosphere there, political and social, during the summer months of 1945. It also carries some worthy but rather commonplace reflections on the problems of inter-racial conflict. Occasional tantalising glimpses of Mr. Jenkins the sensitive and witty novelist provoke a cumulative irritation with Mr. Jenkins the copy-hunting journalist.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

Food for Pleasure. By RUTH LOWINSKY. *Rupert Hart-Davis.* 7s. 6d.

Ruth Lowinsky's new cookery-book is an anthology of recipes, including some from her own pre-war volumes now so rare. Despite the rigours of the present day her taste is still for Lovely Food; and the reader can share some of her pleasure by reading the comments at the end of each recipe, even if he has not time to make the dish. Some of her recipes are rather elaborate; and some of her sauces rather rich for stomachs that are out of practice. On the other hand there are plenty of solid dishes, from Ced upwards. As in her previous books, Mrs. Lowinsky is very good on cakes and biscuits; and excellent on vegetables, usually so neglected in English kitchens. This is not a book for every day: it would be a full-time job to cook a three-course menu out of it. But it is a book full of enterprise and adventure; and every kitchen would be improved by including something from it one day in the week.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,099

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Competitors are invited to submit epigrams in four lines of rhymed verse on a Moveable Easter.

Entries by March 27th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,096

Set by G. de Vavasour

The poetry most widely read to-day (observers report) consists of simple verses of homely philosophy, *printed to resemble prose*. Prizes are offered for a message of solace and uplift, presented in this form, and addressed to any of the following: an author whose novel or play has been badly reviewed; a modern poet whose sales are small; a parent distressed by his or her children's biological queries; the only child in the school who hasn't a television set; a traveller who has been humiliated at the customs; or anyone unable to obtain a flat. Twelve lines of verse to be embraced in the passage.

Report by G. de Vavasour

It was nice to find how much homely goodwill about other people's trouble still survived among our competitors—botanists, by the way, almost to a man. ("Show them how the busy bees with their pollen-covered knees help the brightly coloured flowers use their reproductive powers."—J. C. Prebble.) Just a few entries were cynical or coarse: these were quietly laid aside. D. R. Climie rightly chides the "critic gruff" who "reads Proust and other foreign stuff." D. King bids the flat-hunter continue his quest "with a song." The prize money will be divided among the five whose entries are printed below. Mentionable among others who greeted the unspeakable with a cheer were Julian Orde, D. R. Peddy, D. King, Gavin Ewart, P. G., L. G. Udall and Fergie.

TO A PARENT

Do not fear, bewildered heart, to tell your little man—stories that *your* mother told of how we all began, of kind old storks and fairy elves, that bairns have loved so long. Never heed the clever folk who say such tales are wrong. For poets are the wisest men to guide the steps of youth, and a poet 'twas who said, Beauty *must* be Truth. E. M.

Whoever tries to teach a child is doing holy work—you needn't therefore feel defiled or think you have to shirk those awkward little moments when upspeaks your little lad, "Is Mother really like a hen?" and "Why are you my Dad?" Deep breaths will help you to explain the pea within the pod—and when you really feel the strain, just leave the rest to God.

J. R. TILL

When your little boy implores to know how he was made he roars with anger when you won't reply. But think, dear Mum; that self-same "Why" is asked by every little bee: and mother bees reply, "You see, as through the summer meads you flit, how human

beings manage it. Well, bees are rather like that, too!" There, human Mummy, is your cue! Return the compliment: appease the little one by talk of bees.

EDWARD BLISHEN

TO A CHILD WITHOUT TELEVISION

You tell me, Joan, you have not seen the Television yet, while every other child in school has long possessed a set. This may seem sad and most unfair to you, my little dear; but you must listen now to me, and wipe away that tear: and think of all the many things there are for you to do—the knitting and the sewing, and reading stories too. Perhaps you draw or paint quite well, or make things needing skill: all this is better far than "looking in" and sitting still. And don't you like collecting the things for which you care—the shells, the beads, the trinkets, the ribbons for your hair? The world is full of many things, the poet wrote so true: as happy as a Queen should be a little girl like you.

GEORGE HURREN

TO LUCKLESS FLAT HUNTERS

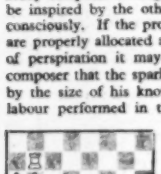
Dear Newlyweds who tell me that you simply cannot find a flat, take my advice and shortly you may Build High Hopes and find them TRUE. First, then, show Hopelessness the Door, let Optimism Take the Floor and Lift your Hearts; with chilly Stare dismiss that Lounging Lout Despair. Make Room for Joy and Raise the Roof if Pessimism shows his hoof. Thus shall your gallant Housing Schemes prefabricate your Home O' Dreams.

NANCY GUNTER

CHESS: Inspiration or Perspiration?

No. 76

Some time ago (*N.S. & N.*, August 12, 1950) we saw that the fact of an actual game-position may well be stranger than the fiction sprung from the study-composer's imagination. Again, the one may be inspired by the other, either consciously or subconsciously. If the proverbial components of genius are properly allocated at the ratio of 99 : 1 in favour of perspiration it may well be true for the study-composer that the spark of his inspiration is dwarfed by the size of his knowledge and the weight of his labour performed in the sweat of his brow. Take this piece by A. Kraemer which, a year ago, was awarded 1st prize in a German study competition, even though the Jury had been in some doubt on account of the study's similarity with a game played by Schalopp against Blackburne in 1887, or rather with a post-mortem analysis of that game, published a few years later. We shall see about this presently, but let us look at the study's solution first. After (1) R-B7 ch, K-K7 would obviously lose by (2) R-KR7, R-Kt8 ch (3) K-B3, RxP. (4) RxP ch, followed by R-QR2 etc. Hence Black plays (1) ....K-Kt7 and after (2) R-Kt7 ch he corners his K, thereby saddling White with the problem how to avoid either stalemate or perpetual checks by the R. It can be done thus:



(3) P-R7	R-B6 ch	(11) K-Kt6	R-R3 ch
(4) K-B4	R-KB5 ch	(12) K-Kt5!	R-R4 ch
(5) K-Q5	R-B4 ch	(13) K-B6!	R-B4 ch
(6) K-K6	R-B3 ch	(14) K-K7	R-K4 ch
(7) K-K7	R-K3 ch	(15) K-Q7	R-Q4 ch
(8) K-B7	R-B3 ch	(16) K-B7	R-B4 ch
(9) K-Kt8	R-B1 ch	(17) K-Kt7	and wins.
(10) K-R7	R-R1 ch		

Obviously, so as to reach his haven the White K must traverse the key-square at his KKt5, there to be checked on the Black Rook's fourth rank. That is why (12) K-B7 would be a mistake, since it would allow the Rook to go on checking on the 3rd, thereby thwarting White's escape.

Now, as for the Schalopp-Blackburne game, here is the position in which it was abandoned as a draw. It was years later that the analysts discovered how Schalopp could have confounded Blackburne's clever resource after all. The White K can, in fact, dodge the Rook's importunities like this: (1) KxR, R-B8 ch; (2) K-K2, R-K8 ch; (3) K-B3, R-K6 ch; (4) K-Kt4, R-K5 ch; (5) K-R5, R-R5 ch; (6) K-Kt5, R-R4 ch; (7) K-Kt4!! R-R5 ch; (8) K-B3, R-B5 ch; (9) K-K2, R-K5 ch; (10) K-Q2, R-Q5 ch; (11) K-B2 and wins.

For this week's competition, so as not to spoil competitors' appetite for next week's lavish Easter feast, I offer two pieces only: both of them studies,

A: K. A. L. Kubbel, Leningrad

B: K. Gandolfi, Milan

with White to win, both rather neat, and not particularly difficult. Six points each should be a generous rating.

Usual prizes. Entries by March 27.

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REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 24

A: (1) Q-K8 ch, K-Kt4. (2) Q-Kt8 ch, K-R5. (3) Q-R7 ch, K-Kt4! (4) Q-Kt7 ch, K-R5. (5) Q-R6 ch, K-Kt5. (6) Kt-K3 ch, K-B6. (7) Q-R5 ch, K-B7. (8) Q-K2 ch, K-Kt8. (9) Q-Q1 ch, etc.

If (1) . . . K-Kt5. (2) Kt-K3 ch, K-Kt4. (3) Q-Kt8 ch, K-B5. (4) Q-B7 ch, K-Kt4! (5) Q-Kt7 ch, K-B5. (6) Q-B6 ch, K-K5. (7) Q-KB5 ch, K-Q5. (8) Q-Q5 mate.

B: (1) K-B5, R-B8 ch. (2) K-Kt5, R-B6. (3) R-K1, P-Kt6. (4) P x P, K x P. (5) R-K2, K-R6. (6) R-QR2, R-B7. (7) R-R3, R-B6. (8) R-R2 etc.

If (1) . . . R-R7. (2) R x P ch, K x P. (3) K-Kt5, P-Kt6. (4) K-R4, R-Kt8. (5) R-QR3, R-Kt7. (6) R-K3 etc.

But (1) K-B4 would lose for White because of (1) . . . R-Kt7. (2) R x P ch, K-R5! (3) R-K8, R-B7 ch, followed by R x P.

C: *Key*: B-Kt1.

These three seemed even more difficult than I expected; one or the other of them stumped some of our crack-solvers. Many competitors fell for (1) K-B4 in **B** or for the wrong key-move B-B2 in **C**, overlooking the subtle rejoinder Q-KKt1. D. E. Cohen and C. Sandberg qualified for full marks and share the prizes (enlarged by an additional third of last week's unawarded vouchers).

ASSIAC

Company Meetings

THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA

RECORD FIGURES AGAIN

The 97th ordinary general meeting of The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China will be held in London on April 4.

The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman, Mr. V. A. Grantham, circulated with the report and accounts for the year to December 31, 1950:

The accounts indicate the continued expansion of the Bank's business and this year we have again to deal with record figures. The total of the Balance Sheet at £193,602,640, the largest we have ever been able to show in the entire life of the Bank, is £42,082,196 greater than last year, and reflects not only a large expansion in the volume of the Bank's business, but also the inflated prices of many of the commodities we are constantly called upon to finance in the daily conduct of our affairs.

The Nett Profits for the year are £632,807, an increase of £117,215 over those of last year. Last year I referred to a general deterioration in working conditions in almost every Eastern country in which the Bank operates. These conditions have persisted and there has also been a further rise in working costs, but, as the Balance Sheet figures show, our business has substantially increased and this increase is naturally reflected in the larger nett returns. We must be prepared, I think, from now on, for diminishing nett returns.

We paid an interim dividend in September last of 6 per cent, less income tax, absorbing £99,000, and we now feel that we can reasonably return to an annual rate of distribution of 14 per cent., which was the level of dividend paid by this Bank before the war for a great many years. With the exception of China, our branches are now all working again and several new branches have been opened. We have completely recovered from the serious losses suffered during the war when more than three-fourths of the Bank's offices were overrun by the enemy and our business now fully justifies a return to the old rate of dividend.

It is therefore proposed that, out of the Balance available for distribution this year, a final dividend of 8 per cent, less income tax, be paid, costing £132,000, making a total distribution for 1950 of 14 per cent.

During the past ten years our Balance Sheet total has increased out of all proportion to the Issued Capital Stock and Reserve Fund. In 1931 we had to make an allocation of £1,000,000 from the Reserve Fund to provide for exceptional losses in exchange due to this country's going off the Gold Standard. We have this year restored this fund to its original figure of £4,000,000 by a transfer from Contingencies.

In spite of the serious developments in the Far East and the parlous position in several of the countries in which this Bank operates, progress has not been lacking and as for the working of the Bank, my belief last year that in spite of uncertainties on every hand, the Bank would continue to play a notable part in the furtherance of trade in the areas it serves, has been fulfilled.

NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA

YEAR OF EXPANDING BUSINESS

THE annual general meeting of the National Bank of India, Limited, will be held in London on April 3.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, Mr. J. K. Michie, circulated with the report and accounts for the year 1950:—

I have the pleasure to report on another year of expanding business, and in so far as that has been the consequence of our own policy it is a matter for satisfaction. The total of our balance sheet reaches a new peak at £109,970,762, the comparable figure for last year being £92,972,507. Deposits have risen by £17,311,149, and Advances by £3,604,982. Our Consolidated Balance Sheet total shows an equally satisfactory increase, the figure being £133,404,121, as against £114,559,065 last year.

After making full provision for taxation, bad and doubtful debts and other necessary reservations, including an appropriation to the Staff Pension Fund, which previously has been shown as a separate item in the Profit and Loss account, our net profits are £361,957, against the comparable figure for 1949 of £354,500.

Out of the year's profits we have been able to allocate £60,000 to the Reserve Fund and, to supplement this, we have transferred £40,000 from inner Reserves no longer required. Our published Reserve Funds will now stand at £3,600,000.

Provided nothing cataclysmic happens in world affairs or in commodity markets—and the two are not necessarily synonymous—our prospects for 1951 are quite favourable, but, I repeat, the higher prices go the greater the anxieties of responsible bankers.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong.—Applications are invited for the vacant post of Senior Lecturer in Linguistics in the Department of English, a post occasioned by expansion to the present establishment. Emoluments (for a married member of the staff normally resident outside Hong Kong or China, and inclusive of allowances): £1,576—£40—£1,736 per annum. Applicants should have Honours degrees of British Universities, and special qualifications and experience in Linguistics, and should be prepared to take up the post by September, 1951. First-class sea passages and furnished houses or flats at reasonable rentals are provided for expatriate staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is April 20, 1951.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Malaya. Vacancies exist for Cadets in the Colonial Customs Service in Malaya. The appointments will be on 3 years' probation for permanent and pensionable employment. The salary scale, including pensionable expatriation allowances is $415 a month to $975 a month (current sterling equivalent is £581 a year to £1,365 a year at one Malayan dollar to 2*s.* 4*d.*). A cost of living allowance is also payable varying according to basic salary and number of dependants. For a single man entering at the scale minimum it is at present $150 a month (£210 a year). Salaries are subject to local rates of taxation which are much lower than those in United Kingdom. Government quarters may be available at moderate rents. Candidates should be between ages 20 and 24 and should possess a University degree. Non-university candidates may be considered provided that they possess other special qualifications, *e.g.*, in law, or if they have had special experience, *e.g.*, as commissioned officers in His Majesty's Forces. No candidates will be considered who do not possess the School Certificate or its equivalent. Candidates should write at once for application forms to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, S.W.1, quoting "Customs, Malaya."

THE University of Sheffield.—Applications are invited for the post of Warden of Stephenson Hall, a new University Hall of Residence for Men, which is expected to be ready in September, 1951, and will then accommodate 100 students. The Warden must be a graduate and will be required to take some part in University teaching. The University would prefer to appoint a married Warden. Salary at a rate to be fixed between £1,000 and £1,200 a year, with superannuation provision under the F.S.S.U., and a family allowance. The Warden's Lodge is provided free of rent and rates. The appointment is expected to be made in May and the duties should begin as soon thereafter as may be arranged. Applications (ten copies) with the names and addresses of at least three referees and, if desired, copies of testimonials, should reach the undersigned (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than March 31, 1951. A. W. Chapman, Registrar.

NEW England University College (University of Sydney), New South Wales, Australia.—Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Mathematics. Commencing salary will be within the range £A650—£A1,000 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A50. There is also a cost of living adjustment, at present £A70 for males, £A55 for females. Salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is May 14, 1951.

NEW England University College (University of Sydney), New South Wales, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in History (two vacancies). Commencing salary will be within the range—£A650-£A1,000 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A50. There is also a cost of living adjustment, at present £A70 for males, £A55 for females. Salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is May 14, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Belfast. Applications are invited for a Staff Tutorship in the Department of Extra-Mural Studies in The Queen's University of Belfast from October 1, 1951. The salary scale is £550 × £50 to £800 and, with certain conditions being satisfied, by £50 to £1,000 plus F.S.S.U. Initial placing on the scale £550—£800 will depend on qualifications and experience. Applicants should be qualified to lecture in Music and, preferably, in one other subject. Applications by April 2, 1951. Particulars from G. R. Cowie, M.A., LL.B., Secretary.

SUB-Warden required, beginning of April, woman 30 or over, practising Christian; to help with girls' club and general Settlement work. Salary according to experience. Apply to Mrs. P. C. Baker, 6 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite application for permanent appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1951. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1951, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1951 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1951; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1951. Salary Scales for men in London: Senior Scientific Officers, £700 × £25—£900; Scientific Officers £400 × £25—£550. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3399.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Opera Coach, Music Department in the Entertainment Division. The duties include the general coaching of the principals for Studio Opera Broadcasts (*i.e.* for complete opera and operatic excerpts programmes) together with the organisation of a timetable of rehearsals, etc. Applicants must have had actual experience in operatic coaching. Starting salary £750 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to a maximum of £965 per annum. Detailed application to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Opera Coach, N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Administrative Assistant in the Monitoring Service at Caversham. The occupant will be responsible for (1) such general duties as may be allocated to him particularly in connection with the Estates, Hostels, House Services and Transport; (2) Liaison with Building Department in connection with Building Maintenance, Engineering services and the B.B.C. Reading Area Staff; (3) Supervision of the compilation and maintenance of records of expenditure. The essential qualifications will include experience of administration and an aptitude for detail. It will be necessary for the selected candidate to live locally. Starting salary £745 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to a maximum of £965 per annum. Detailed application to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "A.A. Monitoring, N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

THE Crawley Development Corporation invite applications from persons with suitable practical experience and academic qualifications. Duties should include a good knowledge of statistics, for the post of Research Officer at a salary within the scale £650 × £30—£850 per annum. Contributory Superannuation. Application form obtainable from the undersigned are returnable by March 27, 1951.—C. A. C. Turner, Chief Executive, Broadfield, Crawley, Sussex.

RESEARCH Department of the Labour Party. Education Officer. Knowledge economics, general political questions and Labour Movement essential. Experience in organisation of adult education most desirable. Salary £550-£650. Application forms, which should be returned by March 31, 1951, from Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1. The successful candidate will be required to join the superannuation scheme.

TUBERCULOSIS. The London County Council invites applications from persons possessing the Certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or the Social Science Certificate of one of the recognised schools of sociology and who have practical experience in social work for appointment in the Public Health Department as local tuberculosis officer on duty at The Chest Clinic, Royal Northern Hospital, Upper Holloway Road, N.7. Salary scale £400—£25—£500 p.a. The person appointed will be required to carry out the social and secretarial work arising from the activities of the local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Divisional Medical Officer, L.C.C. Health Offices, 53-5, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1, to whom forms should be returned not later than March 31, 1951. (231).

EXPERIENCED teachers able to discipline and develop backward children with good intelligence, needed for small co-educational school in May. Ages 8-16. Maths., Geography, History, preferred. Burnham Scale. Prospect of partnership. Box 2075.

ALRESFORD Place vacancies: applications lost in stolen hand-bag—will applicants please write again to 36 Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8.

LONDON County Council invites applications for the appointment of a resident Matron at Bradstow Residential School for educationally sub-normal children, Broadstairs, Kent. The Matron will be responsible to the Headmistress for the domestic administration of the school, including catering, and for the general care of the children. Possession of a recognised qualification, such as a diploma in institutional management, is desirable and some knowledge of nursing would be an advantage. Salary £230–£15–£290 a year, plus emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Send s.a.e. for application form and further details to the Education Officer (EO./Estab. 6D/190), County Hall, London, S.E.1. (199).

ORGANISING Secretary wanted for leading Jewish organisation. Sound knowledge Jewish affairs, first-class contacts in Jewish community and experience public speaking essential. Box 2059.

HOSTS and Hostesses required for Guest Houses, various parts of England. Knowledge of catering for members, staff organisation and control and ability to run social evenings, etc. Liking for people essential. Commencing salary £4 and £3 respectively, plus full resid. emoluments. Box 2104.

QUALIFIED master required in September for co-educational preparatory school in London (recognised by B. of Ed.). English subjects, able to coach games. Burnham Scale. Box 2074.

STAFF (single) required for vegetarian co-ed educational school. Graduate Master for general subjects and Diction. Experienced Matron with knowledge of nature cure methods. Educated Handyman for maintenance, able drive car. Box 2120.

WELL-known Girls' Public Boarding School offers education of daughter in return for services of S.R.N. who will act as Matron in a Dormitory House. Assistant Matron also required. Box 1942.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MAN, 31 yrs., 9 yrs.' farming exp. inc. management, own car, seeks capable wife, 1 child. Man, 34 yrs., expd. engineering designer, capable mechanic, carpenter, keen land worker, wife, 2 children. Hard enthusiastic workers, seek positive work, consider community if reasonably separate quarters. Box 1860.

YOUNG woman, 23, Univ. ed., Bot., Zoo., Chem., abstracting exp., shs. intg. post. Anything considered, anywhere. Box 1872.

HONS. Grad.; Arts, ex-Army Intelligence, 24, reqs. work starting May–June–July–Sept. Anything, anywhere consid. Box 1799.

BELGIAN Dr. of Law, initiative, fluent Eng., Fr., Dutch, German, shs, job w. prospects, not necess. legal prof. Box 1800.

YOUNG lady artist specialising History of Costume and Period Illustration, desires work of suitable nature. Box 1774.

INTERESTING work wanted by woman with Secretarial experience, French, Italian, typing, travelled, literary. Phone: WIM. 7049. Box 1786.

YOUNG Jewish man, shorthand, typewriting, accountancy, etc., seeks position. Box 1961.

SHORTHAND-typist. High speeds, own typewriter, experienced literary work, desires residential post in country May-July or shorter period. Low salary if agreeable conditions. Box 1789.

STUDENTSHIP

UNIVERSITY of London. Metcalfe Studentship for Women.—Applications are invited for the Metcalfe Studentship for Women, which is of the value of £60* for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University of the United Kingdom and must be prepared to undertake research at the London School of Economics on some social, economic or industrial problem to be approved by the University. Applicants who do not possess the result of recognised schools Examinations may make provisional application. Applications, on a prescribed form, must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, at the Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than May 24, 1951. * In certain circumstances the Ministry of Education may supplement the emoluments of this Studentship up to a maximum of £240 for resident students and £180 for students who live at home, provided holder of award did not enter a University prior to Oct., 1946.

MISCELLANEOUS

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THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. D. Williams. March issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3*s.* net (30*s.* p.a.).

IS Spring Cleaning Dangerous? Find out from B.M.A.'s new monthly magazine "Family Doctor." 1*st* issue next Tues., 1*s.*

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FOR sale, freehold non-basement house, 2 mins. from Highgate Tube Stn., 5 bedrooms, 2 rec., corner site, garden, garage space. £4,500. Box 1723.

CORNWALL. Large cottage, kit., bath, 2 rec., 5 bedrooms, also attached smaller cottage, ¼ acre lovely cliffs, 2 mins. sea sands, near Land's End. £2,500. Box 1661.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Set Labour Party Annual Reports, 1900–1948, bound in 15 vols.—offers?; Weekly Hansards Nos. 1–156 with Index, offers?; Handmade Radiogramophone constructed 1947 regardless of cost for finest reproduction from records/radio (cost £360, will accept £150)—separate Voigt speaker, diamond pick-up, cabinet and speaker finished in walnut; Spanish Linguaphone, nearest £5; Multilith, Model 40, excellent condition, unused. Adrema addressing machine sinkable steel trays and plates; Gestetner duplicator; Typewriter, standard 4-bank; Dinner Jacket, large size, lined satin, fine condition, dry cleaned.

WANTED: Baedeker's Southern France; Lewis Carroll's Birthday Book; Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

*Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2*s.* first word, 10*d.* a word after, including forwarding replies.*

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PERSONAL

SMALL Junior Boarding and Day School, in beautiful Kent village near Tunbridge Wells, seeks transfer purchaser for next September term. Mod. rent. Box 1874.

FURN. house/bungalow wanted, all mod. cons., 4-6 wks. from mid-July. 3-4 bedrms., gdn. nr. good beach. Any quiet place Som./Devon/C'wall/I.o.W. Barnett, 29 Park Chase, Wembley, Mddx. Wembley 5690.

GIPSY caravan. Hants. Sea. New Forest. Secluded. Fully eqpd. Reas. Box 1128.

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YOUNG French lady, highest references, seeks au pair post with children in England or Scotland April. Write Mlle. Hauth, 15 Rue Goethe, Strasbourg, France.

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CAP d'Antibes. Lady takes paying guests in well-furnished villa. Superb, abundant food, comfortable beds. Central heating. Now, but booking for Spring and Summer. Magnificent views. Sea/Alps. 5 mins. sands/bathing. Lge. garden. Partics., photo. Box 316, Smiths, 100 High St., Bromley, Kent.

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EASTER Coach Tour to Yorkshire Coast & moors, 8½gns. from London. Also holidays by air to Austria & Switzerland from £36 for 16 days. Also Norway, France, Italy, etc. Esmitours, 50 Northey Ave., Cheam, Sy.

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UNUSUAL Continental Holidays in lovely, little-known places. Low inclusive prices. Write for brochure or phone. Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. F., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. Tel. Abbey 2214/5.

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P.S. Don't forget the little villa at Menton for a holiday on the Cote d'Azur. Harold Ingham will tell you all about it if you drop him a line at 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. You could give him a 'phone call at Harrow 1040. P.P.S. He makes good arrangements for Italy, Switzerland and Austria, too.

PERSONAL—*continued*

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RYE (near). Comfortable, quiet hol. accommodation, country cottage, farm produce, 5 miles sea, on bus route. Grahame James, The Mill, Iden, Sussex. Phone Iden 205.

MURLEY Grange, Bishopsteignton, S. Devon. Spring and early Summer holidays. Lovely grounds, high above Teign Estuary, 15 minutes to beach. Central heating, h. & c. in bedrooms, home produce. Children welcome. Booking now.

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OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. per wk. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

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IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

GREAT Missenden, Bucks. (Chiltern Hills). Tapping House Private Hotel, 2 mins. from station, 1 hr. London. Charming XVIIth-century house. All bedrooms h. & c. Centrally heated throughout. Excellent food.

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STEANBRIDGE, quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley, welcomes people of all nationalities. Unspoilt country. Large garden; home-grown produce; garage. Breakfast in bed (optional). Firdayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2312.

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ATTRACTIVE 2-roomed furnished Chelsea flat to share with young professional woman. £2 15s. incl. Box 1665.

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BURGESS Hill. Available in country house, two warm unfurnished or partly furnished bedrooms with board, sharing private sitting room adjoining. 8gns. each couple. Garage. Box 1775.

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OFFERED, August, 2/3 weeks, London house, Finchley, easily run, sleep 6, in exchange for similar accommodation by sea (not large resort). References exchanged. Box 1693.

DOCTOR (lecturer) and wife seek unfurnished accommodation. Travel daily University College, London. Box 1663.

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SINGLE woman Univer. lecturer seeks unfurn. flat rooms, Central London. Willing co-operate sitting in/telephone. Box 1698.

YOUNG Dr. and wife, exp. baby May, urgently need unfurnished flat, North or West London. Box 1722.

YOUNG professional couple, model tenants, no dogs, children or vices, seek reasonably priced self-contained flat in pleasant area. Write Box 1745.

PROGRESSIVE couple with baby seek flat in house where baby-sitting services could be exchanged. Box 1782.

DOCTOR, wife and baby son, seek 4-roomed s.c. unfurnished flat, preferably with garden. N. or W. London area. Box 1805.

WOMAN teacher requires large ground/first-floor room, preferably unfurnished, West London, 'phone, bath, light cooking, possibly service. Box 2020.

UNCONFIRMED bachelor seeks congenial home, Southampton or near. Box 1794.

WRITER with small means wishes to buy equally small rural cottage. Box 1633.

INDIAN Journalist's family holidaying five months Britain from mid-July, wants furnished cottage/flat in country within 70 m. London. Write by air mail: Vohra, The Statesman, New Delhi.

SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

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WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. (Recog. Ministry.) 100 boys and girls, 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome, vigorous community life. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd Season. Comm. March 24. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30. All seats bookable. 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 dys. at 5 & 8. "Spring at Marino." Wd. nxt 7. Fay Compton in "Intimate Relations." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Here Goes!" Revue by Geoffrey Parsons and Berkeley Fase. Wed.-Sun. 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until March 18: J. Gabin, M. Morgan in Carné's "Quai des Brumes" (A). From March 19: Jacques Tati in "Jour de Fête" and "The Private Life of the Gannets" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Mar. 18, 7.30. "Open City" (A) (Italian).

"SHCHORS." "Along the Wild Trail" & "Fedia Zaitsev"; Soviet Films at the Scala Theatre, W.1, 7.30, Mar. 27. Res.: 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s. 4s. BSFS (N), 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Book early! Please encl. s.a.e.

JOIN The East and West Film Society and see the most outstanding films of Asia and the West. Annual subscription, 5s. Enrol now at 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2.

FILM Societies—Peckham, Tooting and Woolwich show outstanding films, old and new, seldom shown elsewhere. Mod. memb. sub. Full details of any of these socs. from: 15 Park Vista, S.E.10. (GRE. 3344.)

MAURICE Hardy, Geoffrey Corbett, Colin Davis, Cecil James. Tues next, at 8, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Beethoven Cello Sonata in F, Brahms Clarinet Trio, Mozart Sonata for Cello and Bassoon, 1st perf. Malcolm Arnold Clarinet Sonatina. 5s., 3s., at door, Chappell's, agents, Director of Concerts: Nicholas Choveaux.

SHULAMITH Shafir. Recital, Kingsway Hall, London. Beethoven, Bach, Liszt, Chopin. March 29, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. Ibbs & Tillett, 124 Wigmore Street, W.1.

THE Tudor Singers will present a Recital for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Mon., Mar. 19, at 8 p.m. Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Mar. 18, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Robert Masters Quartet. J. Edward Merrett, Andrew E. flat Pf. Qt., William Wordsworth Pf. Tr., Schubert in A, Op. 114 Quintet (The Trout). Adm. 1s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. Complete range of Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on view at 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. (N.E. corner Lincoln's Inn Fields) 9-6 and Saturday mornings.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Party at Tate Gallery, April 30, 8 p.m.-11. Pre-view to Exhibition of Henry Moore's Sculptures and Drawings. Tickets 12s. 6d., including refreshments. Applic. by members only to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Anyone wishing to join should apply to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. Annual subs. from 1gn.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., Hanover Sq., W.1. Recent Paintings by Jean Hugo & Victor Brauner. Until April 7.

SCULPTURE by Giovanni Pisano, an exhibition of photographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till March 31. Mon.-Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by L. S. Lowry. Daily 10-5.30. Sats., 10-1.

NEW English Art Club at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St. 10-5. 1s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Fauve Painting in France & Abroad. Dly. from 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings & Drawings by Jan S. Snowden & George Hann. Till March 31. 10-5, except Sundays.

AT The Arcade Gallery, Late Gothic and Early Renaissance Paintings North of the Alps. March 8-31, 28, Old Bond St., W.1.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "The Artist: Self Portrait and Environment." March 4-22. Mon.-Fri. 10 to 5, Sundays 2 to 5. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—4th Series—Bonnard, Daumier, Ingres, Pissarro, etc., & important Degas bronzes. Dly. 10-5.30; Sat. 10-1.

LEGER, 13 Old Bond St., daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Paintings by Adrian Stokes.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Open Assembly 10-5. Adm. 1s. Feb. 23-March 17.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. 1st London Exhibition of the Belgian painter, Jean-Jacques Gaillard.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Mar. 18, S. K. Ratcliffe, "Britain and America Now." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Monday, March 19, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "The Physical Outlook in Politics." Fred Hoyle. 1s. 6d.

AFRICA To-day. Four lunch-hour meetings commencing March 19. Friends' International Centre, 32 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. A. Ademola, Fenner Brockway, M.P.; Ritchie Calder; Tom Driberg, M.P.; Catherine Marshall; Guy Routh; Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Sandwich lunch 12.30, mtg. 1 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. (or 8s. for four) including lunch. Details, Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., London, S.W.1 (ABBey 3770).

GERMAN Rearmament: A protest meeting against German Rearmament will be held at Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. Mon., March 19, 8 p.m. Doors open at 7.30 p.m. Spkrs.: Frank Byers, O.B.E. (Chairman, Liberal Party); Dr. A. Cohen (President, Board of Deputies of British Jews), Barnett Janner, M.P., F. Elwyn Jones, M.P., Chairman: Lord Stansgate, D.S.O., D.F.C. All welc.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186. Current Exhibition Paintings from Haiti. Mar. 20. Programme of contemporary American Poetry, arr. by David Gascoyne. Members and guests only. New members welcome.

TOLSTOY. Rdg. and lect. 57 Dean St. W.1. Mar. 30, 7 p.m. (Shaw Soc.). 2s.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. LANgham 6593). "Warsaw—Poland Rebuilds Her Capital." Speaker: Mr. Arthur Ling, A.R.I.B.A. Chairman: Mr. Berthold Lubetkin. Friday, March 16, at 7.45 p.m. at 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Arranged jointly with Polish Cultural Inst. All welcome. Refrs.

BRITISH-Rumanian F'ship. Assocn. A Reception in Honour of the Rumanian Women Delegates to the International Women's Day Conference will be held at 20 Pont St., S.W.1, on Monday, March 19, at 7.0 p.m. Members and friends are welcome.

CHELSEA Labour Party. Wed., 21st, 8 p.m. Foreign Policy Brains Trust, Chenil Galleries (Town Hall), Kings Rd.

FABIAN Society Fork Lunch. Nat. Trade Union Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. March 21 at 12.45 p.m. Spkr.: Francis Williams. Price 2s. 3d. Pay at the door.

KENSINGTON Fabian Society. Discussion group meeting, Mon., March 19, at 8 p.m. at Abingdon Arms, Abingdon Rd., W.8. Spkr.: R. A. Amponsah, "The Gold Coast To-day and what it means to Africa."

PROF. Norman Bentwich: "Life in Israel To-day." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 78a Finchley Rd., Golders Grn. (Regal Cinema Bus stop). Sun., March 18 at 7.45.

ANNUAL Marx Memorial Lecture. Prof. Benjamin Farrington, "Karl Marx: Scholar and Revolutionary." at St. Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, March 18, 7.30 p.m. Chairman: A. Rothstein. Admission 1s.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 20, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Is There a Middle Way?" Admission free. Collection.

PEACE with China, March 21, Trinity Church Hall, 8 p.m. Wanstead (Cent. Line). Lady Selwyn Clarke, Norman MacKenzie, Sylvia Pankhurst, chair. Adm. free.

THE Nature Cure Clinic. "Exercise, Rest & Relaxation," Miss N. M. Hosali, M.Sc., Mon., March 19, 7.30 p.m., Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Adm. 2s.

PERSONALIST Group. Next Psychology Lecture, 3rd week in April. See N.S. & N.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "Purpose, Human or Divine?" At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, Sunday, March 18 at 11 a.m.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Mar. 18: Great Renouncers.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. March 22: "The Resurrection of Jesus."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Ramakrishna Anniversary at Kingsway Hall, Tues., Mar. 20, 7.15 p.m. Mr. Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S., on "Teachings of Ramakrishna"; Sir John Stewart-Wallace, K.C., on "Towards a World Religion." All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

EX-SERVICE Movement for Peace. 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., London, W.2. PAD. 7981. National Conference. Battersea Town Hall, March 24-25. All Organizations invited to send observers. Visitors 1s. Apply above.

FABIAN Society Easter Conference: Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, Surrey. March 23-26: "Can Local Government Survive?" Director: H. D. Hughes. Charges: £3 15s. £3 10s. Apply: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

SPANISH.—An intensive Vacation Course for students at all stages; March 27-March 31. Details from: Educational Director, Hispanic Council, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

VACATION Course on Wool. International Wool Secretariat. Tues., March 27, to mid-day, Sat., March 31, 1951, at the L.C.C. Technical College for the Distributive Trades, London, W.C.2. A non-residential day course arranged by the Department of Education of the International Wool Secretariat mainly for men and women teachers of history, geography, economics, commerce, arts and crafts, science and domestic science in Primary and Secondary Schools, Technical Schools, Schools of Arts and Crafts, Teachers' Training Colleges, etc. A limited number of places will be reserved for other interested persons. Lectures, supported by films and filmstrips, will be given on: Wool Growing, Wool Marketing, Woollen and Worsted Cloth Manufacture, History and Geography of Wool, Cloth Construction and Judgment, Science of the Wool Fibre—including recent technical developments, Development of Fashions in Wool. There will also be simple laboratory work and demonstrations of hand-spinning, hand-loom weaving, etc. A certificate will be awarded to students who complete the course satisfactorily. Fee 10s. 6d. For further details and forms of application apply to: P. A. Wells, M.A., M.Sc., F.Inst.P., Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

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